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D. R. LOCKE'S LAST NOVEL.
Read announcement on Fourth Page.

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Poetry.

SHE SHOWED HIM STARS.

FOR every shooting star
He claimed a kiss.
She, seeming coy, at first
demurred to this;
But he, persisting, would
not be denied,
When he, at length, a fly-
ing meteor spied.
And so, as evening grew
apace, their eyes
Oft scann'd the glittering
aspect of the skies;
And when a darting star
caught either's
sight
A sound of kissing broke
upon the night.
And so it came to pass
anon that she
Looked for a shooting star as much he.
Nay, if by chance a star escaped his view,
She called his wand'ring fancy to it, too.
When intervals seemed long between each hug,
She called him on a passing lightning bug;
And ever taxing her ingenious mind,
Her ready wit enabled her to find
More shooting stars in three short fleeting
hours
Than would compose whole meteoric showers.
But when she did her last pretext exhaust,
And was about to yield her cause as lost,
She saw a switchman's lantern circling swing,
And got the youth down to a steady thing.
—*Vassar Miscellany.*

SHIFTING.

(After James Buchanan Read.)

My wife to-day
Is far away,
Swelling on my half-year's pay.
On her I dote,
And yet I gloat
To think she is so far remote.

My pipe and jug,
My shaving mug
Are scattered free from shelf to rug;
My papers, too,
And books I strew,
As man has ever longed to do.

Swift as a flash
I drive and dash
Adown the street to make a mash;
And he who'd
A smile unfurl
To gladden every pretty girl.

And better still
At somo gin-mill
My system every night I fill;
And poker play
Till break of day,
When, light of purse, I homeward stray.

Old friends I meet
Upon the street,
And swift we ply free treat to treat;
Then bite abed
With aching head,
Like jolly men as yet unwed.

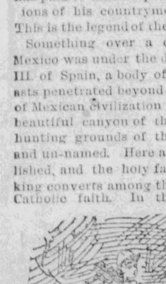
I heed not if
My wife shall sniff—
We always flew from tiff to tiff.
Ah! sweet relief;
But, oh, the grief—
Her sea-side season is so brief!
—*Washington Post.*

Our Story Teller.

The Tree of the Bleeding Heart

THERE is a remarkable tree standing near the ruins of an old Mexican Mission in the canyon of the Nueces, about forty-five miles northwest of the village of Uvalde in southwestern Texas. It is a venerable cypress, and its limbs are leafless, but it will never be felled by human hands until the legend with which it is connected is forgotten by man. On its north side the shaggy bark has been torn off by the winds that periodically sweep with great force down the canyon. On the south, at about the heighth of an average man's head, is an almost perfect heart-shaped excrescence, or tree wart, and crossing this diagonally is a gash seven inches in length. Although the tree has been to all appearances dead for many years, from this incision in the "heart," as it is called, a gummy sap exudes each spring. These phenomena have caused the cypress to be referred to as the "Tree of the Bleeding Heart," and it is to this day regarded with superstitious awe by the Vaqueros of the canyon. Every Mexican who passes in its immediate vicinity stops there to "tell his beads," and then deposits a small stone at the foot of the cypress as evidence that he has paid it that respect which the traditions of his countrymen demand of him. This is the legend of the tree:

Something over a century ago, when Mexico was under the dominion of Charles III. of Spain, a body of religious enthusiasts penetrated beyond the eastern borders of Mexican civilization and settled in the beautiful canyon of the Nueces, then the hunting grounds of the Tonkawa Indians and un-named. Here a mission was established, and the holy father set about making converts among the aborigines to the Catholic faith. In the course of time



SHE RODE LIKE AN AMAZON.

traders joined the colony of priests at the Mission, and these were later on followed by their families. The hills on both sides of the canyon were found to contain rich deposits of silver, and in a few years the Mission San Miguel became a wealthy and flourishing, though not very populous, community.

Two children born at the mission, Dominga Gonzales and Sebastian Fernandez, were cousins. Dominga was a big-eyed, dark-haired beauty, with a skin unusually fair for one born in that clime of Spanish parents. In budding womanhood she was a veritable nymph of the forest, and her natural graces cast a glamour over all with whom she came in contact. More than one Tonkawa brave was slave to her whims; even grim Ka-Uh (translated Killing Knife), chief of the tribe, paid homage to her charms by causing to be deposited at the entrance to her *jacal* the choicest trophies of his hunting expeditions. Dominga was as fleet of foot as a deer, could climb like a catamount and ride like an Amazon. She loved like a Heloise and was tender, devout and womanly.

Sebastian was her Abelard. In childhood he and Dominga plucked wild flowers and chased squirrels over the hills that shut in their canyon home, and as they grew up were either mutually happy when together or miserable when apart.

When she was yet untutored and unlearned, save in the simpler affairs of her humble life, disease deprived Domingo of her natural protectors, Ka-Uh had gone to her father's *jacal* on one occasion. He was unusually taciturn, it was noticed, and when he arose to depart he staggered greatly and would have fallen but for Senor Gonzales, who supported him. Next morning Ka-Uh was found lying near the hut in a semi-conscious condition. He had been taken suddenly ill, had wrapped himself up in his blanket and lain down. Senor Gonzales, suspecting the nature of the chief's disease, did not remove Ka-Uh to the shelter of his own *jacal*; but he drove poles into the ground about the sick chieftain and over these wove a thatch roof of long grasses to protect him from the weather. Ka-Uh died there. Small-pox in its most virulent form broke out in the mission. Dominga's father and mother were the first victims of the pestilence, having taken it while nursing Ka-Uh. Sebastian as next of kin became Dominga's protector.

Ka-Un's brother became chief of the Tonkawas. He had long been envious of the people of the mission, and had often maintained in council that it was folly to barter with them when the things for which they demanded silver rock and skins might be taken by force. He had been jealous of Ka-Uh's power over his own people, which had restrained them from acts of violence toward the missionaries. He had also been dismayed at Ka-Uh's evident admiration for Dominga. For where the chief saw one whom he desired to make a squaw the unwritten law of the tribe debarred less influential warriors from becoming his rivals. Ka-Uh's brother saw now on his succession to power a chance to revenge himself on the people of the mission, to gratify his lust and to enrich his warriors. Calling his tribe together, he assured his people that the spirit of Ka-Uh had appeared to him in the night, saying that he had suffered death at the hands of the white traders, who had treacherously given him that to drink which had caused the life to leave his body; that until his death had been avenged by his people he would not be permitted to stretch his bow in spirit land, and that, although game was plenty, he was forbidden to perish of hunger and be known no more as one of the children of Manitou.

At hearing this the minds of the Tonkawas became inflamed against the mission. The braves demanded that a war be immediately begun upon the priests and traders. They vowed to spare none. Ka-Uh should be avenged, that he might become a mighty hunter in the land of Manitou. This did not suit the wily chieftain, so he added:

"These things also said: 'Ka-Uh: Give unto my brother the child Pala Wah (Dominga), for she alone would have aided me. That I may not be forgotten until I am avenged, call my brother Ka-Un. Strike when he commands.'"

And so Ka-Un's brother came to be known as Ka-Uh, and his warriors nursed a secret hatred for the missionites.

* * * * * * *

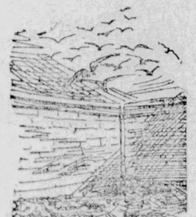
Dominga grieved much at her parent's death, but rejoiced that Sebastian had been spared to her, and clung the closer to him.

The plans of Ka-Uh's successor were unknown at the mission. Hitherto the relations between the traders and the Tonkawas had always been friendly, and there seemed no good reason for their not continuing so.

One day Sebastian, at the head of a party made up from among the younger members of the mission, started on a hunt to the table lands at the head of the canyon. He hade sung *gloria*, little dreaming he was never to see her again.

This was Ka-Uh's opportunity. That night the slumbers of the missionites were rudely broken. Piercing yells caused them to rush from their *jacals*, only to be transfixed with arrows or beaten senseless with clubs.

When Sebastian and his hunters returned, heavily laden with game, for the hunt had been a successful one, a horrible sight met their eyes. Men, women and children were lying dead within the mission walls, while overhead a great flock of buzzards circled drowsily.



WITHIN THE MISSION WALLS.

Dominga was nowhere to be found. Some of the priests were also missing, and for a time the hope remained with Sebastian that she had escaped with them. Why had the Tonkawas attacked the mission? What affront had been offered? He had often heard the warriors boasting of battles won from other tribes, and in the mutilated forms before him now Sebastian easily recognized their vaunted ferocity. Helpless babes had been butchered in their mothers' arms. Standing on that field of carnage Sebastian's brain seemed all afire. He yearned to meet and punish the fiends whose hands had wrought so much ruin. While his eyes took in the scene of slaughter his mind and heart were throbbing with alternate hope and fear for Dominga.

His comrades searched the *jacals* and in one found a wounded priest. The holy man told Sebastian of his brethren who had escaped in the night. When Ka-Uh's warriors had gone those priests returned, gathered up their valuables and fled across the hills. Dominga was not with them. He himself had fled with the others, but his strength gave out and he returned to the mission to die.

While his comrades were questioning the priest, Sebastian saw approaching the mission an Indian lad of whom Dominga had been exceedingly fond. In his great anger at the tribe, he seized a club and rushing forward, would have brained the boy but that, just as he was about to strike, the Tonkawa called out sadly:

"Dominga!"

Something that he carried wrapped in a fragment of Dominga's garments the boy held out toward Sebastian with both hands. Dropping his club, Sebastian seized the offering eagerly. He hesitated a moment, fearing he knew not what. Then he hastily undid the wrappings—only to stagger back in horror at the sight of what he held in his hand.

It was a human heart!

As he gazed upon it with distended eyes, Sebastian felt his senses leaving him. The sky seemed to become suddenly overcast; a weight upon his brain was bearing him down to immeasurable depths, and clutching at the air, he became unconscious.

Dominga had been carried off by Ka-Uh, the Indian boy said, and claimed by him as a squaw. She had begged, prayed and entreated, but without avail. Forced to become the consort of the savage, she determined to take her own life. She had called this boy into her tepee and obtained from him a promise that he would implicitly carry out her commands. Then Dominga

THE DEATH OF DOMINGA.

told him she was about to die. When dead she desired that her heart should be carried to Sebastian, saying that it at least was pure and had always been Sebastian's. A little later she was found dead, with a hunting knife plunged to the hilt in her side. Ka-Uh recognized the knife as one that had belonged to Sebastian, and he told his warriors Dominga had been slain by her white lover. While the braves were preparing to make a descent upon the survivors at the mission the Indian boy found an opportunity to keep his promise with Dominga. It was her heart Sebastian held in his hand.

Dominga's heart was buried upon the bank of the Nueces, where the cypress now stands. The Tonkawas fought a battle with the survivors at the mission, in which neither side gained a victory. After the battle Ka-Uh's body was found near the river bank. The breast had been torn open and the heart was missing. Sebastian had disappeared. The survivors of the mission fled east over the mountains to the canyon of the Rio Frio, where they sought refuge in a great cave.

Years afterward the bleached bones of a man were found under the shade of a young cypress on the west bank of the Nueces, near the mission. The remains are popularly believed to have been those of Sebastian; and the tree under which they were found is the one so peculiarly marked and which, tradition says, sprung up over the spot where ill-fated Dominga's heart was buried.—*Belle Whyte in the Graphic.*

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

A Drummer Relates His Experience in Grand Rapids, Mich.

One thing I like about these "Knights of the Road" is that they are great fellows for secret societies. Most all the drummers belong to everything that is going, from the "Grand Knights of the Diamond Garter" down to the "Sons of Intemperance." I am quite a hand for all such mysterious things myself, so I get solid with all the boys. My old friend Crookston called on me the other day to see if I needed any drugs, and to have a visit. We had a jolly old time. While we were sitting in the office a chap came in, and wanted to borrow $2, on account of a remittance not coming to him as he expected. I told him my $2 I kept to lend was in now, being sent in the day before by Johnny McIntire, but I never lent it except to drummers. He said, "That's me." I gave him the grand hailing sign of an Odd Fellow, which he tumbled to. Then I came to the great "hair in the soup" grip of a Pythian. He tumbled. Then Crook gave him the G. B. of the Sons of Malta. He was on to it. Then I tipp edhim the hair-poking signal of a Good Tppler. He smiled, and said "H. O." This is a chemical term, meaning "waters." Then Crook struck out his hand, and gave him the noted P. D. Q. sign of a Royal Arch Brick Mason. He "got thar" on that. Then Crookston examined him as follows, to make sure he was a drummer:

"From whence comest thou, pard?"

"From the Lodge of the Holy St. Johns, Michigan."

"What seek ye here to do?"

"To take a few orders and collect a bill of Bullson."

"Then you are a drummer?"

"I am so taken and accepted by all the boys."

"How may I know you to be a drummer?"

"By my cheek and my fifty pound sample case. Try me."

"How will you be tried?"

"By the square."

"Why by the square?"

"Because the square is a magistrate and an emblem of stupidity."

"Where were you first prepared to be a drummer?"

"In my mind?"

"Where next?"

"In a printing office, adjoining a regular post Of summers."

"How were you prepared?"

"By being divested of my last cent, my cheek rubbed down with a brick, a bunion plaster over each eye and a heavy sample case in each hand. In this fix I was conducted to the door of the post."

"How did you know it was a door, being blind?"

"By first stepping in a coal scuttle and afterward bumping my head against the door knob."

"How gained you admission?"

"By benefit of my cheek."

"Had you the required cheek?"

"I had not, but Steve Sears had it for me."

"How were you received?"

"On the sharp toe of a boot, applied to my natural trousers."

"What did this teach you?"

"Not to fool around too much."

"What happened next?"

"I was set down on a cake of ice and asked if I put my trust in mercantile reports."

"Your answer?"

"Not if I know myself, I don't."

"How was you next handled?"

"I was put straddle of a goat made out of a 2x4, and trotted nine times around the room by four worthy brothers, and then trot in front of the Left Bower for further instructions."

"How did he instruct you?"

"To approach a customer in three upright regular steps, with my business card extended at right angles, my arms forming a perfect square."

"How was you then disposed of?"

"I was again seated on a cake of ice in front of a dry goods box, and made to take the following horrible and binding oath:

I, Charles S. Robinson, do hereon and herein most everlastingly and diabolically swear, by the Great Bob Tail Flush, that I will never reveal and always steal all the trade secrets I can lay the hands on during the first Most August Order. And I further swear by the Bald Headed Jack of Clubs, that I will never give, carve, make, hold, take or cut prices below the regular rates. And I further swear, by the Pipers Perfect played before Moses, to never have any commercial dealings with any man or his wife, sister, grandmother, old maid, aunt or uncle, unless they, he, she or it is sound on the goose. Binding myself under no less a penalty than to have my grip sack slit from top to bottom, my dirty shirts and socks taken out, and my reputation removed and buried in the river at Pearl street bridge, where the tide ebbs and flows every two and one-half hours. So help me Bob Ingersoll and keep me in backbone.

"I was then asked what I most needed."

"What was your reply?"

"Money."

"What did you then behold?"

"A copy of Dun & Co.'s report, open at chapter 'Muskegon.' Upon the open book rested a pair of drug scales, in one pan of which reposed ten pounds of concentrated lye and in the other sat a small silver jackass."

"What did this emblem signify?"

"The scales indicated the balance between debtor and creditor. The other emblems represented the abilities and ass-ets of bankrupts."

"Did this teach you any lesson?"

"You bet! It taught me the fact that the former are generally so almighty much better than the latter."

"Shake! Brother! * * * Will you be off or from?"

"Both, if I can borrow money enuff to get out of town on."

"Have you any cigars?"

"I have."

"Give 'em to me."

"I did not so receive 'em, neither will I so impart 'em."

"How will you dispose of 'em?"

"On sixty days' time or two per cent cash, F. O. B."

"All right, begin."

"No, begin you."

"No, you begin."

"Up." "Em." "Set."

"Set 'em up.' The words and sign are right. Brother Snooks, he is a yard wide and all wool, and you can bet on him."

Brother Crookston and I each lent the chap $5, and he left with many thanks and kind wishes.

Now you see by this what a help it is to a fellow when he gets dead broke among strangers to have these little things to fall back on.—*Grand Rapids Times.*

A Japanese Story.

A Japanese gentleman, having invited some of his friends to refresh themselves in his house, was sorry to see an old man refusing to drink. Addressing him, he said, "If you do not care for any of these drinks, perhaps you will take one of these cakes," offering at the same time the jar in which they were contained.

The guest at once put his hand into the jar, when, to the surprise of everybody, it was found that he could not withdraw it. The attention of all was drawn to the spot, and everybody suggested some plan for setting the old man free. They were tried, but all failed.

Presently a guest who had been silent said: "If you will let me try I think I can set him free."

"How?" said they all.

"By breaking the jar with my pipe."

Japanese pipes are stoutly made, and with a single blow the jar was broken.

Then it was seen that the reason why the old man could not withdraw his hand was because he had clutched every one of the cakes.

"Ah!" said the host, "when we are loudest in our complaints against something, the fault is very often in ourselves."—*Sunshine.*

A Seasonable Reply.

Scribbles—You may sneer at my contributions and reject them now, but one of these days I will write an article that will knock you cold.

Editor—Do it! Good idea. Try and let me have it for my midsummer number.—*Toronto Grip.*

THE MONTH OF ROSES.

June Out, July In.

Farewell, thou darling of the year,
Sweet month of life and tune;
Thy race is run, thy end is near,
Sweet June!

Thou lightedst up the morning's eye;
Gave glory to the noon;
With tears we say to thee, "Good-by,
Dear June!"

We bade farewell to cold and cough
When rose thy silvery noon,
And gladly took our flannels off,
Oh, June!

Thou goest and we turn to meet
A fierce, a brassy sky—
In short, with palm-leaf fans we greet
July.

She's All Right.

With warmer days and balmy airs.
Come forth the ball and bat;
The seasons change, but little cares
The maid for that.
She does not frown, she does not pout,
She's always bound to win;
If oysters with the May go out,
Ice cream comes in.
—*Boston Courier.*

One Morning.

The wonderful book of the seasons is open again at June;
A bird on the high, swaying elm bough is singing a ravishing tune;
The elm seeds are falling like snow-flakes as the branches respond to the breeze,
And a shower in the night has brought freshness alike to the flowers and the trees.
The emerald tint of the glass blades has grown to a deeper hue,
Far above a white cloud mass is sweeping across pure surface of blue.
The whole air is vibrant with music; all the summer's still life speaks to-day
In a joyous, unsyllable language, a gladness no words could convey;
Much too fine for our dull ears to hear it, we feel the eloquent tune,
So we join with our hearts in this rapture and know we are glad it is June.
—*Virginia B. Ladd.*

June.

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping above it blindly for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

In Joyous June.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon, and the shineless sky
Opens before them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun—the weeds,
The river, and the cornfields and the reeds,
The willow leaves that glanced in the light
breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.
—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

SERAPHINA'S NOCTURNE.

The gibbous moon rose over the city, and its sickly rays feebly outlined the beautiful form of Seraphina McGuinness as she sat behind the trellis work of her father's piazza, on McKibben street. The fireflies were flashing their dark lanterns over the lawn and a cool breeze gently wafted the scent of roses to Seraphina's classically chiselled nostrils which dilated with appreciation.

"How I love the night," she murmured in ecstatic contemplation. "I fancy that the bulbul is singing his solo to the moon in old Damascus at such an hour as this, and the gay serenader by the light of a star is warbling his serenade beneath some latticed window in Andalusia. I wonder when a blond mustache shall be placed close to my shell-like ear and a rich baritone voice shall murmur sweet—Hist! I hear footsteps! They come up the piazza stairway. Hush, rebellious heart! Perhaps 'tis he!"

A minute later Seraphina's brother Bill had introduced his friend, Mr. Joseph O'Shaughnessy, a Bowery song-and-dance artist, to his sister. Mr. O'Shaughnessy wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon around the crown, a flannel shirt with two-for-five gold buttons in the frontispiece, and trousers appropriate to his calling. He had just returned from the races, where he had dropped ten cold bones. He was consequently depressed and distrait. Seeing that her visitor was suffering from an attack of indigo, Seraphina said in her most mellifluous accents:

"Are you fond of music, Mr. O'Shaughnessy?"

"Pianner music, do you mean, miss? Yes, I like pianner music." replied Joe. "But the 'cordion is my favorite instrument. Could I had my 'cordion here, and be glad to play 'In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling,' for you. D'ye ever hear it? Beautiful song. My little sister can play it on the pianner with one finger."

Joe bridled in the presence of culture and beauty, and felt that he was running neck and neck with the fair entertainer in the matter of refinement. On the other hand, Seraphina saw that she was weaning Joe away from the contemplation of his losses, and so she continued the good work with the observation:

"Do you perfer Batoven to Shopan?"

Joe had never heard of these composers. He, however, did not like to confess his ignorance, and so he bashfully stammered out:

"I think I like Shopan the best, miss; but Batoven ain't so bad when you come to get acquainted with his playin'. Let's see, he plays with both hands, don't he?"

A bubbling rivulet of laughter ran over Seraphina's lips, like ginger ale from a bottle. This was so infectious that Joe laughed in hysterically, thinking he feel that he had made a blunder. Seraphina was quick to perceive his embarrassment and to relieve it she said:

"Of course you are aware that both these great composers died many years ago, but their works live after them to cheer and gladden us on our way through this cold and hollow world."

By this time Joe felt that he was being distanced in the conversation. He was already four lengths behind, and so he made a desperate effort to catch up. His face lit up as he gave expression to this inspiration:

"Seems to me, Miss McGuinness, if I remember right, that Mr. Shopan wrote 'Alice, Where Art Thou,' didn't he?"

"I have no recollection of the song alluded to, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, but if you will step into the parlor I'll play one of Shopan's nocturnes for you."

"Much obliged to you, Miss. Luck's been dead again me to-day, an' I'd like to hear somethin' to cheer me up."

Seraphina swept back the billowy lace curtains hanging over the bay window with her corn meal softened fingers and glode into the parlor with sylph-like grace, followed by the sorrowful Joseph, who, alas! expected to be cheered and lifted out of his sorrow by Shopan.

"I can play Batoven's 'Sonata Pathetique' if you would prefer it," whispered Seraphina softly, beaming sweetly upon Joseph in the bloomy, ghostly moonlight of the parlor.

"Suit your-self," Miss McGuinness. "Don't mind me. Anything you play'll suit," replied Joe, gallantly, with a low bow, as he plucked nervously at his Xanthean mustache.

"I suppose it's a matter of indifference to you what opus I play?"

"Oh, yes; I wish you would pick out the piece. Only, please make it as soothin' as possible, Miss McGuinness, because I'm feelin' kind of sad," said Joe, thinking that he might have backed the winning horse.

A delicious prelude tinkled out into the room. Then came the more difficult harmonies of the soulful composer interpreted in a mistressly manner by the charming Seraphina. Lost in the beatific contemplation of the entrancing music evoked by her own magic touch, the sweet player forgot her surroundings and gazed in rapt contemplation at the wall paper in front of her. When she awoke, like Ben Adhem, "from her sweet dream of peace," she looked around, expecting to hear the flattering encomiums of Mr. Joseph O'Shaughnessy, but he was gone. Like a spectre he had vanished into the night.

The next day Seraphina's brother met Joe in a lager beer saloon.

"Say," said he, in an angry tone to his friend, "what did you mean by giving Seraphina the stand-up last night?"

"Keep yer shirt on, Bill," replied Joe. "Ye don't s'pose I was goin' to set there like a gilte an' hear bloomin' funeral march over my ten cases, do ye!"—*New York Evening Sun.*

GENIAL BOB BURDETTE,

With His Merry Jests, Makes the World Brighter.

AND IT ISN'T DIGNIFIED TO RUN.

The Albany *Journal* tells "Why women should walk." Haven't had time to read it, but suppose its because they can't pay their car fare.

HE CAN'T HELP GOING OVER.

Professor Graham is going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Ha, that's easy. Many a man has gone half seas over on less than a keg; we should think he might go over a cataract and on to Europe with a barrel.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

"You've been cashier at this concern nearly twelve years, Mr. Cashup," said the president, who was feeling benignly good natured. "Twelve years," said Mr. Cashup, his heart beating with thoughts of a raise. "And yet," said the president, "you have never once run off to Canada with the funds? Haw, haw!" Mr. Cashup, whose pulse sinks to the normal as he recognizes the annual joke—"No, sir; it's been mighty hard grubbing to get away with $18 every Saturday; I thing it would be all my life is worth to try to get away with any more." Is dismissed on the spot for impudence.

THE BUDDHIST MILLENNIUM IS HERE.

"The state of Nirvana," said the professor, "is freedom from the entanglement of pleasure or pain; in this state the soul knows nothing, desires nothing and does nothing." "I see," said the person, "the Buddhist idea of heaven then, is an international convention of dudes."

SADDER THAN DEATH.

Last Friday afternoon a district telegraph messenger, who was speeding along the street with a telegram valued at 15 cents a minute, was run over and seriously injured by a blind man named Standfast. Standfast is a cripple, having a wooden leg. He had taken this leg off to rest it while he sat by the wayside and begged, and some mischief-loving boys had taken the leg and hid it. Standfast, missing it was giving way to the awful feeling for it, and inadvertently moved directly in the messenger boy's wake. Several persons, seeing that he would run the boy down, shouted to the latter that the blind man was after him, and the boy, realizing his peril, made a desperate spurt for his life and for a few feet gained on his pursuer, but before he was far enough ahead to turn out with safety the cripple was upon him and ran clear over him before he could be stopped. The boy's injuries were very serious, as he fell upon his wrist, spraining it so that it will probably be two weeks before he can hang on to the top of an omnibus going in the wrong direction. It was reported late that night that, owing to his inability to utilize this favorite official time-killer, the boy had delivered one message nearly on time, but the rumor was indignantly denied at headquarters, the superintendent offering to prove by the books that the thing had never occurred since the invention of human speed. At a late hour this morning it was feared that the boy was recovering his inertia, which had been severely disturbed.

ABOUT TIME FOR IT.

The Oklahoma boom has dropped through a crawfish hole, and the land of alkali and sand is now inhabited by the few people who can't get away from it, and sure as fate they are beginning to demand the admission of the territory as a state. Well, run it in like the whole country, make separate states of Coney Island and the base ball grounds, and be done with all this bother, once and for all. And if the Ute reservation wants to come in as a state let her come. Couldn't be dny worse than some states we have in already.

TOO AWFUL FOR CONTEMPLATION.

In all the annals of warfare and destruction there is no record of death so appalling, in proportion to the number of combatants engaged, as the charge list of the famous "Six Hundred" that charged at Balaklava. Two hundred and forty-seven men fell on the field; and about seven hundred have died at different times and places since of the survivors about one a week dies in the United States; every day or two a new name is added to the roster of one of them, and if something isn't done to stop it the death list of that gallant band will soon reach into the thousands. Nothing saves the organization from utter destruction but the wonderful recuperative powers of the survivors, who are increasing in numbers while retaining unimpaired the same age.

ANOTHER OLD STANDBY OVERBOARD.

A scientific iconoclast, careless how many hearts he will make ache, says that the elephant of double time had no trunk. And then all the jokes that have been made about the elephant carrying his own trunk into the ark are null and void and of no effect. Well, there is one good thing about jokes and science; they don't have to depend upon facts for their statements, nor for their existence.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT?

"Singular as it may seem," says a Boston minister, "a great many people get religion after joining the church." Well, isn't that the right shape? What in thunder is a church member to get religion after? Whence the singularity? Say, what sort of a place must the Boston church be, anyhow?

MORE OF THE SAMOA BUSINESS.

The English are going right along burying up all the breweries in the United States, but the Dutch continue to hold the outside of the bar like Fenians. And are the Fenians great snakes on the bar? They are, silly one; the crow bar, frinstance.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Not Altogether Her Fault.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus, with much severity, "do you mean to tell me you paid 50 cents for that lot of worthless auction trumpery? Are you never going to learn the value of money?"

"How can you expect me to learn any thing about it, John, when I have only $1.50 a week to practice on?" replied Mrs. Billus, sweetly, and John stole softly out into the woodshed and kicked himself.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Determined to Run No Risks.

Citizen—Here, cab!

Cabman (looking at him critically)—Is it a reception, sir?

Citizen (angrily)—What difference does that make to you?

Cabman—All the difference in the world, sir. If it's a reception, it's all right. If it's suicide you pay in advance, sir.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Hear This Smart Alec.

First El Verano Citizen—What was the verdict of the coroner's jury?

Second Citizen—That the man came to his death from sunstroke, superinduced by over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulats.

"Were there any signs of excessive use of liquor about his person?"

"Nothing but a business card that gave his address as Lexington, Ky."—*Sonoma Valley Whistler.*

Unterrified.

"I'm told," said George to Mabel, "that torotoxicon has been found in remarkable abundance in ice cream this season."

"Does it hurt one much?" she asked apprehensively.

"Oh, I guess it poisons you," he replied. "Is it alive?"

"Ye-yes; I think so."

"Oh, George, how I would like to see one.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Develops the Muscles of the Arm.

Flossy—Oh, mamma, see that man wheeling a baby carriage! I don't think a man should do that.

Mother—Florence, you must not talk so foolishly. You will think differently when you grow up.—*Lawrence American.*

A Canadian Mother.

It is said of a Canadian mother who died the other day: "She was a true wife, a fond mother, and so managed affairs as to marry off her nine girls before any other female in the neighborhood could even get a beau."

Valuable Relic.

Mrs. Abraham Lansing, of Albany, N. Y., has in her possession the first American flag ever flung to the breeze. It was bequeathed to her by her grandfather, Col. Peter Gansevoort, who commanded Fort Stanwix when the flag was first hoisted.

A L'EMPIRE.

M. E. W.

Rosina, they say, is but seventeen.
Yet she crushed at a blow all the fops of the town
The very first time she appeared on the scene
In something she calls a Directory gown.

It is cut in the picturesque fashion of old,
With a limp, clinging skirt and the skantiest waist,
And wandering over its soft silken fold
Are garlands of roses enchantly traced.

They have faded, perhaps, since the wonderful night
When Grandmamma danced at the Emperor's ball
A dimpled young beauty, who laughed with delight
To hear herself whispered the fairest of all.

And fingered her pink-flowered frock as she stepped
Through the gigue and gavotte with a gay cavalier,
Whose passionate vows, never meant to be kept,
Fell now and again on her innocent ear.

There's a tiny spot still on the ancient brocade
Where the posy she gave him had lain at her breast,
And there at one side where the satin is frayed
The thick-jeweled hilt of his sword may have pressed.

But the Prince—ah! Rosina, revenge is so sweet,
That, for Graddmamma's sake, I am glad you look down
With scorn on the dandies who sigh at your feet
Whenever you wear the Directory gown!

Feminine Jocularities.

In a girl's room all roads lead to the looking-glass.

George—Amelia, I have a question. Amelia—Pop it, George.

Mrs. Quizley (calling)—Does your servant read and write? Mrs. Snawdy—O, no; she's not at all literary.

A maiden desirous of a swaying figure can easily attain the same by brisk exercise with a swinging gate.

Two lovers at parting: He—Shall you remain true to me, my love, till I return? She—Ye-e-es; but come back soon!

Paterfamilias—Clara, I see that the front gate is down this morning. Clara, (shyly) —Yes, papa, you know love levels all things.

The average young man is never so much disgusted with the opposite sex as when a girl beats him three or four straight games at tennis.

Ella—How did your husband propose? Josie—He simply said, "I have $5,000, and if you don't accept me I'll shoot you." O, how he loves me.

Mrs. Gohard (who is getting up a tennis match)—Will you loan me Mr. Golightly for awhile, dear? Mrs. Golightly—Loan him? My dear girl, I'll give him to you!

A Connecticut man who died the other day left nearly all his property to a widow who had refused to marry him. This was a substantial way of showing his gratitude.

Mr. Popinjay (at the theater)—I declare if we aren't seated directly behind one of those confounded great opera hats! Mrs. Popinjay—Yes, thank heaven! I can study it all the evening.

Literary critic (laying down a new book) I wish every maid, wife and mother in the country could read that book. Able editor (glancing at the title) Yes, I think it will be all right.

The picnic: Darling, I'm going to let go of your hand for a minute, but you won't be mad, will you, darling? I wouldn't let go till you did, only some sort of a bug is crawling down my back, and I can't keep my mind on you and bugs at the same time.

Mrs. De Style—"Were you at church last Sunday? I didn't see you." Mrs. De Fashion—"I saw you?" "Did you? How did you like my new bonnet?" "O, it was perfectly lovely! It came from Paris, I'm sure." "Yes, my dear friend, Mrs. Devout smuggled it in for me."—*New York Weekly.*

Billings—"That's a shining poll you wear, Mudge. But you have the consolation of knowing that a bald head denotes wisdom, eh, old boy?" Mudge—"I am afraid it is just the contrary in my case, Billings. If I hadn't married the woman I did I might have had all my hair yet."

An Englishman has invented a lamp burner which extinguishes the flame after six hours' burning. An economical couple tried it on their daughter's most persistent suitor, but instead of taking the hint he got eleven kisses out of the girl before the lamp could be lit again.

"Why do you keep that phonograph under the sofa, Miss Pilkins?" he inquired. "O, you see I am a member of the Young Ladies' Auxiliary Branch of Promise Protective Association. Don't be in a hurry," she added, for he had suddenly arisen and remarked, "I must be going now."

Mr. Jones—I was thinking of going to the theater to-night, Mary. Do you care to go? Mrs. Jones—What kind of an entertainment is it? Mr. J.—Variety, I guess. Mrs. J.—Young women in short skirts, I suppose? Mr. J.—Likely. Mrs. J.—Well, I don't care to go. I think it indecorous for young women to appear on the stage in shortskirts. Then Mrs. Jones went to her bureau, and took out of a little envelope her last season's bathing suit, and began to look it over to see if it needed any repairs.

Older Than He Looked.

An Irishman was ordered to make a coffin, which he did; and to paint the inscription on the lid, which he did after a fashion that caused a little excitement in the churchyard.

By dint of following the written copy he managed to get as far as "Michael O'Hafferty, aged —," but, try as he would, he could not insinuate the 28.

At last, he remembered that he could write seven, and that four sevens made 28. So he finished the inscription, "aged 7777." When they came to bury Michael, the coffin stood at the grave side, and the priest spoke as follows:

"Ah, he was a fine lad. He's lying there so still, taking his way in the very prime of loife. Young as he was, too, only —" Here the priest looked down at the coffin-plate to see how old Michael was.

"He was only," said his reverence again, and he put his glasses on, and went nearer, to see how old he really was. "He was only," he continued, "seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven years!"—*Christian at Work.*

Jumbo Eclipsed.

The Madras Museum has recently received the skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India. It was the source of great terror to the people of South Arcot, by whom it was killed and buried. The museum authorities dispatched a taxidermist to the spot to exhume the bones and prepare them for exhibition. The skeleton is exactly ten feet six inches in height, being eight inches higher than the highest specimen hitherto measured in the flesh by Mr. Sanderson.

Consistent.

Mrs. De Style—Were you at church last Sunday? I didn't see you.

Mrs. De Fashion—I saw you.

"Did you? Do you like my new bonnet?"

"Oh, it was perfectly lovely! It came from Paris, I'm sure."

"Yes, my dear friend. Mrs. Devout smuggled it in for me."—*New York Weekly.*

It Would Make Him Happy.

Stranger—I suppose you have greatly reformed since you entered this prison?

Convict—Oh yes, I'm a changed man now.

Stranger—Are you contented here?

Convict—Yes, pretty well contented, but you don't know what a gratification it would be to me to break a safe now and then.—*The Epoch.*

"Mister."

The absurdity of applying the title "Mister" to all sorts of men, on all sorts of occasions, is well illustrated in a recent issue of a Southwestern paper, in which it was declared that "the late Mr. Hank Brown was hanged yesterday in the presence of a large and interested audience."

Our New Serial Story.

NELLIE'S MARRIAGE;

WAS IT A FAILURE?

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," etc., etc. Now first published in America.

CHAPTER XIV—PHILIP'S CONFESSION.

NELLIE, my darling, my wife! Your little note has raised a weight from my soul which was crushing it to the earth.

I am in prison; accused of robbery and murder; yet you say you love me! Can you continue to do so when you know it all?

I seem just now to be awakening from some frightful dream, and to wonder how I have lived through the horrors of it and preserved my reason. I think once—when your dear eyes met mine in court—it trembled in the balance.

How did you guess—what power impelled you to go there? Could it be the influence of one mind on another?

For hours before that awful ordeal my thoughts were entirely concentrated on you, my loved one, with an intensity that was anguish. It was an evil hour, indeed, wherein I decided to keep this sad secret from your knowledge. I withheld it, hoping to spare you pain; but what manifold misery the concealment has wrought to both! Can the repentance of a lifetime expitate that wrong?

I had ceased to care what became of me. I

Recent Literature.

SOME GOOD, SOME INDIFFERENT.

The World's Best Books — The Queen of Bedlam — Manifold Cyclopedia — Tolstoi's Works — How to be Beautiful — Some Pamphlets — July Magazines — Literary Notes.

A book which is full of interest to readers and students, especially of the younger class, is one entitled, "The World's Best Books," which is a key to the treasures of literature, by Frank Parsons, F. E. Crawford and H. T. Richardson, and published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. In the preface it is stated that the volume has been growing during 20 years of earnest reading of the finest literature. The purpose is stated to be five-fold, briefly as follows: First, to call attention to the reading of the best literature to the exclusion of all other; second, to select the best things from the literature of the world; third, to place the great names in literature in their proper relations of time and space to each other; fourth, to discuss the best methods of reading; fifth, to gather into a shining group the splendid thoughts of great men upon these subjects. How well this has all been done an examination of the volume will show, but it will be likely to find a place in all good libraries.

Captain King has been, in a most marked way, successful in stories of frontier life in garrisons. Familiarity with the scenes which he depicts gives a most realistic air to what he is describing, and the reader feels that it is not fiction, but of real happenings which he is reading. His latest is "Laramie; or, the Queen of Bedlam," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The scene is laid at a frontier post in the territory of Wyoming during the Sioux war of 1876, and a chapter or two are devoted to Indian scouting along the forks of the Platte river; but far more importance attaches to the description of life within the fort. The leading characters are three handsome girls and two young lieutenants, the surgeon of the post and a rich Chicago trader. One of the young ladies, the "Queen of Bedlam," a charming woman, is suspected, on what seems plausible evidence, of wholesale stealing, only to have her character triumphantly vindicated in the end. Both the young lieutenants are wounded, both recover, the Queen is vindicated, and there is a general hilarity, with prospective music of the marriage bells. It is a thoroughly interesting novel, with its incidents and accidents ingeniously worked into the chapters.

"Our Boy and Girl," by Ellen Patton, is published by John B. Alden, New York. In this volume is told the story of an uncommonly bad boy, and his sister, a *very* good girl, and how the latter succeeded ultimately in saving her brother. The boy would not, perhaps, take the prize for badness in competition with "Tom's Bad Boy," but would certainly follow a close second; his history, however, is narrated, not for the sake of amusing readers, as in the case of Peck's monstrosity, but for the sake, rather, of warning, and, at the same time, encouraging those who want encouragement, by an example of how good can be brought out of evil. Mrs. Patton tells the story with considerable literary skill, and a feature of special interest is the picture of life on the plains of the West.

The 13th volume of Alden's "Manifold Cyclopedia" has made its appearance, beginning with Electricity and ending with Exclaim. Every article is excellent, the information being clear and accurate, while condensed. Electricity, for instance, has 34 pages, and contains all that is convenient and practical for home and everyday use. We cannot too highly commend this work as it now stands complete, and there is no reason to suppose that it will fall away from its present high standard as to matter. The form, that of a small volume, light and easy to hold, has been a great recommendation from the first. Altogether, it is one of the best works for general information that has ever been produced. Sixty cents per volume, cloth binding. John B. Alden, New York.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place, New York, have been issuing in pamphlet form the works of the popular Russian novelist, Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Among those recently appearing in this form are "My Confession," which THE BLADE has already noticed somewhat at length. It is a companion book to "My Religion," and gives an added insight into his peculiar religious ideas.

Another volume is "Ivan Ilytch," "Family Happiness," etc., in which is contained many of the beliefs which govern his active life. They appear in the form of stories, but these stories are told in such a way that their meaning cannot be mistaken. The work is translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

A little book entitled "How to be Beautiful," is published by T. Howard, Chicago. The author, Teresa H. Dean, has treated the following subjects: "How to Have a Beautiful Complexion;" "How to Remove and Prevent Wrinkles;" "How to Grow Thin;" "How to Grow Fleshy;" "How to Preserve and Strengthen the Eyesight;" "How to Improve the Hands;" "How to Have a Beautiful Form;" "How to Develop the Bust;" "How to Wear Corsets, and Why They Are Not Injurious;" "How to Have a Beautiful Foot;" "How to be 'Sensible;'" "How to be Agreeable and Fascinating;" "How to be Distingue and Self-Possessed;" "How to Prepare Cold Creams, Toilet Waters and Hair Washes."

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, comes, in pamphlet form, "A Heart Twice Won," by Mrs. Elizabeth Van Leon. In this story the hero and heroine are married in the first story, and then follows a long series of misunderstandings, etc., ending at last most joyfully.

Another pamphlet from the same house is "The Prairie Flower," by Emerson Bennett, a story of adventures in the Far West.

Literary Notes.

A new street in Los Angeles has been named after the poet Whittier.

Twenty thousand copies of "John Ward, Preacher," have been issued in the Riverside paper series.

Rider Haggard's new romance is announced—which its title is not—for publication in September.

A new novel by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, will be published shortly.

The Tramp is the name of "a new literary magazine" to be started at Atchison, Kansas.

Thomas Nelson Page's beautiful tale of "Marse Chan" was Henry Ward Beecher's favorite story.

But few know, I imagine, that Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, the authoress, is a sister of George Francis Train.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is at work on his memoirs, but he says they will not be published during his lifetime.

Wr. Wilkie Collins, it is said, never once failed to keep a contract with a publisher and never delayed copy beyond the time stated in the contract.

Roberts Brothers announce for fall publication "The Life of Louisa M. Alcott," by Edna D. Cheney, her life-long friend.

Miss May Kendall, the young English poetess, has written her first novel, "Such Is Life," to published shortly by Longmans, Green & Co, London and New York.

Mrs. S. J. Higginson, author of "A Princess of Java," which was published two years ago, is writing a book on Java for the Riverside Library for Young People.

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert have in press "Signs of Promise," sermons preached in Plymouth pulpit, 1887-9, by Lyman Abbott, D. D.

Tennyson received ten shillings for his first poem—for one he is now writing he is to get $1,000.

Mr. Justice Miller, of the Supreme court of the United States, contributes a paper upon his own state, Iowa, to *Harper's Magazine* for July. Mr. Miller's portrait, engraved from a photograph, forms the frontispiece.

There now turns out to be a real Lord Fauntleroy—only he is an elderly man—with a magnificent estate, which he has asked Mrs. Burnett to come and see. The name was thought by Mrs. Burnett to be original with herself.

Miss Kate Field has an article on Alaska in the *North American Review*. She says its great resources are not comprehended, and that it is a paradise for the emigrant, the sportsman and the capitalist.

Following upon the July chapters of "The Life of Lincoln"—which, as already announced, described the President's renomination and Mr. Greeley's self-suggested peace trip to Niagara—there will probably be only six more installments of this remarkable history in the *Century* series.

Judson Ellis, a literary hermit, aged 60, lives in the Delaware mountains, near Middletown, N. Y. In a small hut, built by himself, he dwells in solitude, subsisting on the milk and flesh of his goats and on the game in the neighborhood. He passes the time in reading, study and writing short stories for a New York syndicate.

Bret Harte has just written a novelette, "The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh"—the story of an old misanthrope. "The Kingfisher of Dedlow," found floating dead in his skiff, and of his two fierce, beautiful children, living in their lonely home in the midst of their three leagues of amphibious domain." The first chapters appear in this week's *Harper's Weekly*.

DeWolfe, Fiske & Co. have purchased the entire business of the late firm of Cupples & Hurd, Boston, including their retail stock and all the plates of books which they own, as well as those of which they have the right of publication. Among the important books which they have secured may be mentioned those of W. H. H. Murray, his "Daylight Land," "Adirondack Tales," etc.; "The Cape Cod Folks" and others by Sally Pratt McLean, "Joanna Sy-ri's" works, and "Whitmore's Ancestral Tablets."

THE GENTLER SEX.

A woman living in the central part of New York state has a flower farm of seventeen acres from which she sometimes clears $2,000 a year.

An English girl, who calls herself an accountant and auditor, finds employment in looking after the expenditure and business of large families.

The Rev. Ellen Runkle has just been granted papers from the Probate court of Wayne county, O., authorizing her to perform the marriage ceremony.

There are four sisters Montalba in England who have marked artistic talent. One of them, Miss Hilda, exhibits a bust of Mr. Browning in the Royal academy.

Miss Olive Shreiner, who is now a prominent figure in London literary circles, lives in lodgings in the east end, for the purpose of studying the characters she meets.

A protest against female suffrage in England has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, under the joint production of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Beatrice Potter.

The Brandon female college is conducted exclusively by women. It was incorporated 20 years ago, and its curriculum, discipline, and everything about it are controlled by Miss Frank Johnson and her assistants.

Miss Caroline King, a young Boston artist, was offered $300 to make a series of designs representing the industries of women. She wanted the money, but when she found the pictures were to ornament cigarette packages she refused the contract.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has sent a letter to an English newspaper addressed to the queen, enumerating many fancied wrongs, and asks of her that his diamond, the Kolinoor, be restored to him, or that a fair price be paid for it out of her privy purse.

A FESTIVAL AT SAMOA.

How the Matrons and the Maidens Dress and Look—A Great Honor.

A naval officer stationed at Samoa writes in a recent private letter:

"The long-waited-for tolota, which you may not know is a native festival at which presents of food, etc., are given by the people to the king, accompanied by promises of allegiance, came off to-day, and I saw the people gather, all in best bib and tucker, in some cases a marvel of rich color. Here is a tiputa in the most dazzling combination of crimson and green satin, and there a village maiden, abominably ugly, but with such a head-dress, a mass of bleached hair standing on end, at least six inches high, looking like the puffy structure of the dandelion flower, and decorated with shells; in front are two horn-like protuberances adorned with pink and white feathers.

"The crowd is like one of our own on show days—universal; every man, woman and child in the place and surrounding country is flocking to the spot. The fathers and mothers are glistening in cocoanut oil; their hair is firmly brushed on end and scented with sandal nut; and they wear stiff lara-laras, or skirts, which bunch out, and give them a most absurdly awkward appearance. A woman just in front of us stopped to arrange her drapery, all unmindful of the eyes behind her, and as the lower edge of her lara-lara crept up some fine lines of tattoo, with which she was decorated, were displayed. An infant rides astride a mother's hip, imbibing health and happiness as it goes, the mother apparently not noticing the child or its occupation.

"I don't know what you may hear of Samoa now, but certainly Mataafa and the admiral are on excellent terms. Usually the common people dance before the king, but an especial honor was paid to the admiral by the chief's dancing, something so unusual here that many people had never seen it before. A very active, delighted-looking man this chief, with a kind face and eyes that speak very pleasantly when he looks at you. The gale has destroyed much fruit and other products, and the natives will have a hard time of it to make both ends meet for the coming season. But I must ashore to look after some work, and take a delightful plunge in our mountain stream here close to hand, abundoning, boiling, seething, foaming mass of water, where one is twisted and tossed about, half smothered in foam, and finally comes out with a sense of his own impotence and a vastly refreshed feeling."

Convicted by the Clock.

A lady from Ithaca, the birthplace of ex-Gov. Cornell and his wife, told me yesterday, a good story apropos of the perils of wedded life, which the governor told at his own expense. It seems that when in office at Albany he would sometimes return home late at night, after his wife had retired, and when she asked him what time it was would answer "About twelve" or "A little after midnight." One evening, instead of making the inquiry, she said: "Alonzo, I wish you would stop that clock; I cannot sleep for its noise." All unsuspicious, he stopped the pendulum. In the morning while dressing, Mrs. Cornell inquired artlessly: "Oh, by the way, what time did you get home?" "About midnight," replied the Governor. "Alonzo, look at that clock!" The hands of the clock pointed to half past 2. The Governor was crushed.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Sewing on the Navy's 42-Star Flags.

Secretary Tracy has ordered that all the flags now in service as ensigns and union jacks on board the ships of the navy, and at the navy yards, be called in on July 4, and new ones, having 42 stars on the blue union, issued. All the work is being done in the rigging loft of the navigation building at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, under the direction of Commander F. M. Green. Seventy women, mostly widows and daughters of deceased naval employes, and three men comprise the staff of flag-makers, and they are all experts at the work. The women cut, fit and sew the flags, which are made of the best material obtainable, and which is made at Lowell, Mass.—*New York Sun.*

A Seasonable Receipt.

Those living in a locality in which mosquitoes are troublesome may make a trial of the following receipt for expelling these pests from the house: Take a piece of gum camphor, in size about the third of a hen's egg, and slowly evaporate it by holding it in a shovel or tin vessel over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and it is said they will not return, even though the windows should be left open all night.

To Remove Paint.

The ordinary method of scraping or burning off old paint is hardly expeditious enough for general purposes, and is also laborious. Soda and quick lime are far more thorough. The solution of half of each is thus made: Dissolve the soda in water and then add the lime and apply with a brush to the old paint, which can thus be removed in a few minutes.

The Late Captain Ericsson.

We notice in a foreign journal that the Swedish government has decided to send a man-of-war to New York to bring home the body of Captain Ericsson, that he may be buried at Laugbanshyttan, in Vermeland, the place of his birth. It is also stated that the executors propose to present the models to the Smithsonian Museum.

THE SWEET VIOLET.

OUR PROPOSED NATIONAL FLOWER

Created by Jupiter for Io — The Favorite Flower of Mohammed and of Napoleon — The Badge of the French Imperialists.

ACCORDING to the scientists, who are a dull sort of folk, however, and who love to hide their ignorance behind long names of learned sound, the violet is a genus of exogenous herbs of the order *Violaceæ* and is a native of the northern temperate zone. But the poets know a great deal more than the scientists, for they were born before them and will survive them, and the poets tell us all about the creation of this fragrant flower. When Jupiter was in love with Io and changed her into a heifer, deeming that common grass and flowers were not fit diet for a sweetheart of the king of gods, he created the violet that she might feed upon its dainty petals. And, it is added, when Io died violets sprang from her body. Shakespeare alludes to this old tradition when he says,

Lay her i' the earth
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.

The Greek name for violet was *Ion*, and possibly because that suggested Ionia, whence the Athenians were fabled to have sprung, the flower was a great favorite with the Athenians, who adopted it as their badge and love to weave it into the chaplets which they wore at banquets, thinking, indeed, that it was a guardian against drunkenness.

THE SWEET VIOLET.

Alcibiades went to Agathos crowned with ivy and violets. The only lines that have survived from Alcæus's ode to

Sappho begin by addressing her as "Violet crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho." The Athenian orators, when striving to win the favor and attention of the people, were wont to address them as "Athenians, crowned with violets!"

Among the Romans also the violet was highly esteemed. Ovid, in speaking of the ancient sacrifices and contrasting their noble simplicity with the garish display of more degenerate times, says that "if there was any one who could add violets to the chaplets wrought from the flowers of the meadow he was a rich man." And Virgil, to emphasize the desolation of Nature mourning the death of Daphnis, speaks of the violet as replaced by the thistle.

THE VIOLET IN THE EAST.

In the East the violet had a great reputation among those races whose religions were rather emotional than mystical. The Arabian poets, like their brother bards of other climes, bade the wealthy and haughty learn humility from this lowly wayside preacher. It was a favorite flower with Mohammed, and hence has acquired a peculiar sanctity in Moslem countries. "As my religion is above others," quoth the prophet, "so is the excellence of the odor of violets above other odors. It is as warmth in winter and coolness in midsummer."

IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES.

It is likely that it was from some long foreground of popular homage that the violet became the badge of the mediæval minstrels, as in the poetical contests of Toulouse, where the prize was a golden violet. Clemence Isaure places the violet among the flowers with which victors in the *gai science* were crowned.

The superstitution still survives in widely scattered countries that to dream of the violet is good luck. In Brandenburg and Silesia it is held as specific against the ague. In Thuringia it is a charm against the black art. In many parts of rural Germany the custom is still observed of decking the bridal bed and the cradles of young girls with this flower, a custom known to have been in vogue among the Kelts as well as among the Greeks.

No one, indeed, names the flower but to praise it; no one uses it but for some pretty, useful or poetical purpose. Its popularity is highly creditable to human nature. Except that in some regions of the East it has been used to flavor sherbets, and that in Scotland it has been mistakenly used as a cosmetic, it has been universally cherished only for its modesty, its beauty and its delicate fragrance.

CORPORAL LA VIOLETTE.

In modern France the flower has been adopted as the emblem of the Bonaparte family. "Corporal la Violette" or "Papa la Violette" was the title bestowed by his partisans upon the first Napoleon after his banishment to Elba—significative of their confidence that he would return again in the spring.

Early in January, 1815, a number of colored engravings made their appearance in Paris, representing a violet in full bloom, with the leaves so arranged as to form the profile of Napoleon. Underneath was this significant motto, "*Il reviendra avec le printemps.*" The phrase became an imperial toast and the flower and color were worn as a party distinction. And, in fact, the sentiment was realized. When March 20, 1815, saw Napoleon re-enter the Tuileries after his escape from Elba, he found the grand staircase filled with violets, who nearly smothered him with violets.

On the death of the King of Rome very pretty devices in violets were made, showing on the edge of the petals profiles of the members of the Bonaparte family, each profile forming the outer edge of the petal looking at the flower and leaving the face white.

On the death of Napoleon III., also, the visitors to Chiselhurst wore or carried there bunches of violets.

HOW THE VIOLET BECAME THE NAPOLEONIC EMBLEM.

A pretty story, pretty, but apocryphal, is told as to the adoption of the flower by the imperialist party. Three days before his departure for Elba Napoleon, it is said, was walking in the gardens of Fontainebleau with the Duc de Bassano and Gen. Bertrand. He was contemplating retirement into exile, his courtiers were counseling resistance. They had almost won the day when the Emperor saw beside him the three-year-old son of his gardener plucking a bunch of violets.

"My dear," he said, "will you give me your nosegay?"

The little one handed him the flowers.

"Gentlemen," said Napoleon, after a few minutes of silent thought, "I shall take this as an omen. Henceforth the violet shall be the emblem of my desires." And without heeding his courtier's remonstrances he withdrew to his rooms.

Next day he was seen in his garden picking the stray violets, which were then very scarce. A grenadier on sentry duty approached and said:

"Next year, sire, you will have less difficulty, for the violets will then be thicker."

Napoleon looked up in astonishment.

"What," said he, "do you suppose I shall be here again in a year's time?"

"Perhaps sooner," was the reply.

"But do you know that the day after to-morrow I leave for the island of Elba?"

"Your Majesty will suffer the storm to pass."

"Are your comrades of the same opinion?"

"Almost all."

"Let them think so, then, but not say so. When your sentry duty is over go and find Bertrand. He will give you twenty napoleons, but keep the secret."

When the grenadier returned to the guard room he remarked to his comrades how for the last two or three days the Emperor had been walking about with a bunch of violets.

"For the future," he added, "when we are talking between ourselves let us call him Papa la Violette."

And, in fact, from that day the troops in the barrack and at their mess always spoke of Napoleon as Papa la Violette. The secret gradually reached the public, and the violet became recognized as the badge of the imperialists.—*New York Herald.*

SHE GOT "FITS."

[Puck.]

MISS DE BOY.—How does my new tailor-made costume fit?
VINNIE GARR (*with enthusiasm*).—Perfectly. Why, it fits every angle!

HOW HORSES LEARN TRICKS.

They Are Very Intelligent Animals and Have "Good Horse Sense."

Just how much better in point of intelligence a man is than a horse is a problem which will seriously perplex any one who has seen what horses are nowadays being taught to do. They are rapidly encroaching upon spheres usually assigned to their master, man, and the genius of their performances seems to have but one limit—they can't talk. This, however, is not always a disadvantage, and the acute observer will probably find it necessary to conclude that for downright intelligence, as between some horses and some men, the horses have it.

Through the courtesy of Managers Alexander Comstock and John D. Mishler a New York *Press* reporter was admitted behind the scenes at the Academy of Music the other evening, and had a talk with Professor George Bartholomew about his wonderful troupe of twenty-four educated horses. Any one who has seen these animals perform, and has listened, for instance to the equine orchestra playing "The Last Rose of Summer," will realize the professor's ability to tell just what a horse can and can't do.

"Horses," said the professor, "are a good deal like men; you can train them to do pretty much what you want. Nature doesn't seem to have meant them to do much talking, but I believe their capacities in other respects are probably far in excess of anything we have conceived. And the methods of training are very similar. You can't force a horse into learning a thing any more than you can a man. Affection is at the root of successful teaching in both cases.

"When I buy a horse and begin to train him my first step is to win his confidence. Till I accomplish that I can do nothing with him. Then I begin to teach him a simple act. To make him lift his foot on to a pedestal, for instance, I would place the pedestal in front of him and touch him gently on a sensitive part of the knee, at the same time constantly repeating some word expressive of the act I wanted him to perform. Of course the horse doesn't know what the word means, but by a process of half a dozen wrong things before he does the right one. The moment he does it, however, I hold the foot there, fondle it and show my approval in every way possible. This is repeated so many times a day till the horse gets to know what is wanted whenever he hears the word.

"So with more difficult acts. Some of these take a long time to learn. It took me nearly a year's patient work to teach Abdallah to walk, trot, gallop, march or pace backward or forward at a simple word of command, but the way he does it now repays me for all the trouble.

"What description of horses can I train in this way? Why, any horse. People suppose that thoroughbreds alone can be so developed, but it is a great mistake. Any ordinary horse, you know, understands what you mean by "whoa" and back." So it can be taught to know what you mean by any other word or sign you like. Some horses can of course be taught much more easily than others, and, like men, some who prove very stupid at one act are experts at another. When I buy a horse I do pay more attention to his head than I do to his pedigree. I believe you can read a horse just as you can a man.

"Many people," continued the professor, "suppose that the horses go through this performance in automatic fashion; that by doing day after day the same thing they come to do it as a matter of course without regard to what I may say to them. This is a great mistake. Any one in the audience is at liberty to have the order of programme changed at any time. When I give an order out of place there will be a momentary pause; the horses look up questioningly, as if to say: 'Haven't you made some mistake? I repeat the order once or twice until the meaning of the words assimilates with the memory of the action and then they at once perform it.

"Punishment I have little need for it. I of course show very sternly my disapproval of wrong just as I fondle them for doing right, but I have little occasion to use the whip. One thing would amuse you. When a number of my horses are standing in a row, and I crack the whip at a disobedient one, not one of the others will move. They seem to say: 'Oh, that's for the other fellow.'

"It would surprise you how sensitive they are to applause. They are a good deal like other actors in that respect. They know perfectly well when there is a big house, and perform so much better then that one would think they had an eye on the receipts.

"All this clearly shows that the horse possesses memory, and of course it follows that he can think. He has the power of reason and not merely instinct. Instinct might send him in search of water and oats, but it would never lead him to do such feats as these. His memory, too, is a remarkably good one. Prior to this year I sent my horses out to pasturage at Newport for several months during the summer. From there they went right on the stage and performed without rehearsal just as well as they ever did."

Goats and Rattlesnakes.

A flock of goats were browsing and looking for stray oyster cans, sardine boxes, and the like in North Dallas, Pa., when all at once there was a commotion among the foremost ones, which beat a hasty retreat. An old billy, who had been fetching up the rear with the solemnity of a deacon, walked to the front, paused, and began to strike the ground right hard in an odd sort of way with his fore feet and at the same time to shake his head as if going through some sort of superstitious incantation. He then walked back in the direction he had come for a few yards, and taking a running start made a long jump, alighting with his legs bunched, and immediately on hitting the ground made a second long jump far out to one side. The gentleman who witnessed this strange performance, prompted by curiosity, went up to see what the trouble was, and there lay a big rattlesnake cut nearly in two writhing in the throes of death.

Postal Tube Between France and England.

The plan is to suspend two tubes of about three feet in diameter each by means of steel cables across the Channel, forty yards above the level of the sea. They will be fixed to pillars at distances of 800 yards, and in each tube a little railway will be run, with cars capable of carrying 450 pounds in weight. The cost is estimated at $5,000,000.

Papal Astronomy.

The Pope has decided to permit the erection of an astronomical observatory in the Vatican, the site selected being the tower over the rooms occupied by the master of the Sacred college, it being the most elevated portion of the building. The cost is estimated at 1,000,000f.

ST. JACOBS OIL
FOR RHEUMATISM.

Suffered 40 Years and Cured.

N. Albany St., Ithaca, N. Y.

For over forty years I have been a victim of Rheumatism. I was persuaded to try St. Jacobs Oil. I have used two bottles and a man more free from rheumatism never walked our streets. My limbs that were once stiff and lame are now as light and limber as in my youth.

JOS. EDSELL.

Crippled Cases Throw Away Crutches; Cured Permanently.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

LOST LIGHT.

I cannot make her smile come back—
That sunshine of her face
That used to make this worn earth seem,
At times, so gay a place.
The same dear eyes look out at me;
The features are the same;
But, oh! the smile is out of them,
And I must be to blame.

Sometimes I see it still; I went
With her the other day,
To meet a long-missed friend, and while
We still were on the way,
Her confidence in waiting love
Brought back, for me to see,
That old-time love-light to her eyes
That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me;
They say I might have fame.
I like those gewgaws quite as well
As others like those same.
But I care not for what I have,
Nor lust for what I lack
One tithe as much as my heart longs
To call that lost light back.

Come back! dear banished smile, come back!
And into exile drive
All thoughts and aims, and jealous hopes
That in thy stead would thrive.
Who wants the earth without its sun?
And what has life for me
That's worth a thought, if, as its price,
It leaves me robbed of thee!

—*Edward S. Martin, in Scribner's Magazine.*

HE WOULD SHOW NO QUARTER.

Stonewall Jackson Wanted the Black Flag Hoisted and No Prisoners Taken.

R. L. Dabney, professor of philosophy in the University of Texas, has written a remarkable letter to the Baltimore *Sun* giving Stonewall Jackson's views on the conduct of the civil war. Prof. Dabney was Gen. Jackson's chief of staff, and writes as one who knew his ground. He is the author of a life of Gen. Jackson. Extracts from the letter follow:

During the valley campaign and that around Richmond, in 1862, I was Gen. Jackson's chief of staff. His prudent reserve was noted; it was such that he never disclosed anything of his military designs except the necessary orders to his chief of staff, or even to his major-general next in command, and he was chary of expressing to them his thoughts on the general conduct of the war.

On the 18th of May, 1862, between the battles of McDowell and Winchester, I was riding alone with the general along the Valley of Mossy Creek, in Augusta county, to visit the bivouac of the famous Twelfth Georgia regiment in our front. He was, what was rare with him, in the mood to converse with me. Our thoughts traveled naturally upon the prospect of our struggle.

The conversation turned upon some recent threat of bloody retaliation which Mr. Davis had been compelled to make by some one of the numerous outrages. The general said, in words to this effect, that such an emergency would not now appear had the war been begun on that plan which commended itself to his judgment. I exclaimed with much interest that a rumor had flitted through his army that he would have begun the war under the black flag, and that I was curious to know from him whether it had any foundation or not. He replied, squarely: Yes, he believed we should not have begun to take any prisoners in this war, and that he should have adopted this plan distinctly, in the interest of humanity. Because he felt sure the war would have been thus ended with far less effusion of blood. He added that this could not be, like other diplomatic wars, a struggle for a boundary or a province, but for our people, a struggle for life and death, and it would have been best for the people to have its true character unmasked to them from the first. This war, before it shall ceriminly disclose its piratical character. Thus Mr. Lincoln is reported as now declaring that it is not a war of abolition. But, whether he knows it or not, it is surely destined to become such. Then they will proceed to arm our own slaves against us. Then, said he, when these outrages are perpetrated of course it will be absurd and impossible for us to treat that war as civilized war! To do so will be perdition to our cause. It will be the practical admission of claims damnable to our pretensions of right and ruinous to the morals and self-respect of our people. Thus, before this war is ended, Mr. Davis is going to find himself in this dilemma: The enemy will adopt means such that he will be obliged to meet them with extensive retaliations or be ruined. But then these enemies will have in their hands, it may be, thousands of our friends, so that it will be attended with the fearful consequence of thereby consigning our soldiers to massacre. Now, he added, foreseeing these things, I would have advised taking no prisoners, and teaching our volunteers at the outset that when they went into action it must be victory or death literally for them, as it is going to be for their country. Since the administration had adopted other ideas he obeyed. He had all along been as careful and scrupulous to preserve the lives and health of his prisoners as Mr. Davis himself could have been. Such were unquestionably Gen. Jackson's thoughts at that time. How prophetic they were, any well-informed man must judge for himself.

Waited Two Months.

ATLANTA, GA., December 21, 1886.

"To make up our minds whether or no to send for a trial bottle of Compound Oxygen for a dear wife who was lying at the point of death. Oh, no, there was no time to wait; it was ordered by telegraph, and a marvelous cure was effected. But would such a cure last? Let us see.

"*Your Compound Oxygen Treatment has restored my wife to perfect health.* When I telegraphed for the Treatment we were very solicitous regarding a relapse of her health. She had been a very sick woman for eighteen months previous to the date your OXYGEN Treatment arrived. Within ninety days' time she has been restored to perfect health. WE HAVE WAITED TWO MONTHS IN ORDER TO SEE IF THE IMPROVEMENT WAS PERMANENT BEFORE WRITING THE FACTS TO YOU, AND WE SAY WITH ALL CANDOR THAT TO COMPOUND OXYGEN IS THE CREDIT DUE.

"I outlived to say that we CURED OUR LITTLE TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY OF CATARRH BY THE SAME TREATMENT." WALTER T. FORBES.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

A Charitable Lady.

A very charitable lady in town, wishing to help the Johnstown sufferers, picked out from the wardrobes of herself and husband all the suits that could be spared. Into the pockets of each suit for men she put a jackknife, a hair brush, and a comb. Into the women's gowns she put a pair of stockings, a comb and brush, a tooth-brush and a cake of soap. She sent several gowns that she had been saving to wear this summer herself. "I did not hesitate many minutes," she said, heroically. "I decided to let the sufferers have them, and let my husband get me some new ones. That was combining charity and self-interest.—*N. Y. Sun.*

New Steel Process.

The Redeman-Tilford steel process is understood to consist of a bath of glycerine and other ingredients, which changes the whole structure of the metal and increases its ductile and tensile strength far beyond any record that has previously been established by private or government tests. When it is stated that the finest and strongest grade of steel, much better than any now in use, can be made by this process at a little more than the cost of crude Bessemer steel, the value of the discovery may be appreciated.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A LEAP FOR LIBERTY.

COMRADE DAN KNIGHT, COLFAX, IOWA.

A LEAP I took while in the hands of the Johnnies, in 1864, was truly a "leap in the dark." I never perused the accounts of our boys' sufferings in that seven acres of hell—Andersonville—that I do not shiver at the remembrance of my experience.

Soon after returning from McCook's unfortunate raid on the Macon railroad, mentioned in my last letter, I accompanied Gen. Kilpatrick on a reconnoitre to some outworks, northwest of Atlanta.

Comrade White and myself were sent forward to investigate an embankment. We could see through the woods, but far off, as quiet as the grave the general could not determine whether or no the works were occupied—hence us two were sent forward. We rode to within perhaps 100 yards of the embankment, when we were brought to a standstill by hearing shots fired behind us. Judge of our feelings on turning around, to find that the road over which we had just traveled was occupied by rebel cavalry. To run was out of the question. Without being seen, the Johnnies had come in on a cross-road in our rear, and between us and our reserve. The shots we had heard were fired by our comrades, to warn us of our danger; but the warning came too late. We were so utterly confused by their coming suddenly upon us, that if we had been asked our names just then, I hardly believe we would have been able to impart that information.

We hurried on up to the works that we supposed were unoccupied, only to be halted in regulation form just as we attempted to enter by the sallyport. We halted, of course. Then six guards came from behind the embankment, and I have no doubt the comrade and myself looked rather foolish—at anyrate the Johnnies were chuckling among themselves at our appearance. Their major, as they titled him, asked us where we were going.

I had somewhat recovered from my fright, and answered, without the least hesitation, that we were on our way to Andersonville. Then the Johnnies grinned again, and dirty little they called Corporal Marks, stepped up and, taking hold of my horse's bridle, in rather a Frenchy tone of voice commanded me to dismount. I complied with his request without saying a word. Then the corporal mounted my horse, sarcastically remarking as he did so, that he guessed he had better show the Yanks the way or they might get lost.

While the corporal was thus engaged with me, another of the guards had, in like manner, taken possession of Comrade White's horse. After taking everything from us of any value, we were ordered to move on, and the French corporal escorted us to their headquarters in Atlanta. We were taken to a building which stood on stilts, near the depot. I think it was the old slave mart. A number of prisoners were confined there. A platform, similar to a depot platform, extended along the entire front of the building. The guards were stationed on this platform, where they walked their beat. Every ten or twelve feet a door led from the room onto the platform, and they all stood wide open. This occurred just before the confederates were driven from Atlanta. There was fighting going on the day we were put in the old pen, for we could hear the guns, and in the evening there was a fierce battle. Some of our boys became excited, I remember, and one of them said to an officer who was passing along:

"Say, Johnny, you fellows had better run; don't you hear the Yankee bulldogs? They are getting there!"

The officer made no reply, but hurried away, and, amid laughter, even among the rebels, as if he was going to profit by the advice given him.

One afternoon a number of flashily dressed women passed along the platform, inspecting the "wild yanks," and making uncomplimentary remarks, such as "The nasty things;" "The horrid yankees;" "Why don't our men shoot the villains?" But our boys kept quiet and made no reply to their remarks.

One of the women stopped in front of the door by which I was standing, shook her fist at us, and harrowed up her feelings until she arrived at a fighting point, almost. Greatly amused I looked at her a few moments, then laughingly said: "Go it, old gal; you'll soon get up steam if you keep on so!"

Quick as thought she paid me her compliments by squirting a well-directed mouthful of tobacco juice at me. At this juncture the guards ordered the loud-mouthed Southern damsel to "move on," and we saw her no more.

About dark a squad of prisoners were marched past our doors. I asked them where they had been gobbled up. One of them replied that they "were here on business." But when I asked if any Iowa boys were among them, I received this direct reply:

"You bet; the 16th boys are all here!"

It was a dark night, and rain had began to fall. I was becoming quite uneasy, for the prospects of life in Andersonville seemed more fearful to me than a dozen battles.

There was a commotion among the guards, and soon we were all ordered to form in marching order. We started out with guards on all sides of us. The night was pitch dark and the rain was pouring down. The rebels at first tried to form us so as to march four abreast, but really there was no order to our movements. We completely filled the road, and though we knew that guards were strung along on both sides of us, it was so dark we could not see how many there were. I kept hold of Comrade White's hand, sometimes the boys would begin hooting, as only weary, persecuted soldiers can hoot. Some one would yell out, "Ho! Johnny!" and then along down the line would come the old refrain, "How's your mule!" Soon the night was made hideous with this call and answer. The guards would swear and threaten to fire on us, but the deafening noise continued. The blinding storm seemed to elevate the spirits of the prisoners, while on the contrary the spirits of the guards became more and more depressed. In the midst of the worst din I ever heard, and which I helped to make more hideous, I managed to tell my comrade to be on the alert, and that when I jumped he should follow me. We were on nearly East Point, and were in the broken country. Some one in front yelled:

"Look out for ditches on the right!"

I grasped White's hand so tightly that he nearly yelled with pain. I knew there was a ditch close by on our right, and I made a leap in that direction.

Down, down I went, striking in the water, and was soon nearly smothered in the mud. White came tumbling after, and fell on top of me. I groaned in anguish, but no audible sound escaped my lips. There was too much at stake to risk crying out, which I should have done under most any other circumstances. I lay as if dead, scarcely knowing whether I was able to breathe or not. When I soon wriggled off of me and began scraping the mud out of my face with his hands. I then managed to get my head out of the mud and water into which I had fallen, so I could breathe easire.

We kept very still, for the guards were swearing and firing into the woods over our heads and threatening to hunt down any of the prisoners who attempted to escape, with blood-hounds. However, had the dogs reached us, I doubt if they could have told what we were just then. As I never saw the spot in which we fell I cannot describe it, but it must have been a washout of some kind. We lay in the mud and water and listened to the loud and deep curses of the guards and the derisive laughter of the prisoners, which we could hear for an hour—it seemed to us an age—but finally the yells all passed out of hearing, and at last everything became quiet. I pulled myself together,

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be forgivethem free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Religion of the Presidents.

W. A. L., Guilford, Kan., asks which of the Presidents were professed Christians, and of what denominations. We have often thought it strange that there is not greater curiosity as to the religious views of public men, when we consider that the constitution allows entire freedom of belief, or no belief at all, and prohibits any religious test whatever being made as a qualification for holding office. In the absence of the case, a man's views on religious subjects are purely private matters, and nobody's business. We shall endeavor, however, to state briefly what is known on this matter regarding our Presidents:

Washington was a member of what is now the Protestant Episcopal church, but there is some doubt as to whether he did not share to some extent the liberal views of many of the Revolutionary leaders. John Adams was of Puritan ancestry, but he seems to have been unable to subscribe to their doctrines fully, and was very liberal in his religious views. Thomas Jefferson was practically an infidel. James Madison, was, we think, an Episcopalian, and so was James Monroe. John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams, was a pious man, and probably a Congregationalist. Andrew Jackson always entertained a high respect for religion, and in his last days made a profession of religion. Martin Van Buren was, so far as we can ascertain, not a member of any church. Wm. H. Harrison was, we believe, a church member, and we think a Presbyterian. John Tyler was an Episcopalian. James K. Polk was, we believe, a Presbyterian. Zachary Taylor came of an Episcopalian family. Millard Fillmore was nominally a Christian, though we can not find that he was a member of any church. Franklin Pierce appears to have been a Congregationalist. We do not find that James Buchanan paid any attention to religious matters; at least as a professing Christian. Abraham Lincoln was not a professing Christian. He was a devout man, however, and believed in a God. Andrew Johnson's religion seems to have been a mere formal acquiescence in accepted views. U. S. Grant attended Methodist service, but was not a member of any church. Rutherford B. Hayes is a Methodist. James A. Garfield was a member of the Disciple, or "Campbellite" church. Chester A. Arthur was the son of a Baptist clergyman, and is reported to be a member. Grover Cleveland has no church affiliations. Benjamin Harrison is a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, and strict in his religious views.

Why Gold Dollars are Scarce.

"Old Coins," Delaware, O.: For a year and more there has been a demand and a premium for gold dollars of the coinage of 1854 and preceding years. The coinage of gold dollars was first authorized by Congress March 3, 1849, and the act provided that the coins should weigh 25.8 grains. Of these there were coined 688,567 in 1849, 481,953 in 1850, 3,317,671 in 1851, 2,-045,351 in 1852, 4,076,051 in 1853 and 1,-639,445 in 1854. In the latter year the secretary of the Treasury, finding that the coin was so small as to be easily lost or mislaid, directed that while its weight remain at the standard fixed by the act of 1849 it should be made thinner and of greater diameter. But in spite of this change the diminutive coin rapidly lost in public favor, so that in the period between 1854 and 1888 only 4,114,685 were coined, of which only 88,543 were issued in 1888.

For the last year or so coin brokers have done a large business in gold dollars of the earlier coinage. These little coins are in great demand among the savage chiefs in Zanzibar and other parts of Africa to be made into medals, ornaments, buttons and ornaments. They were thicker than the new coins, although smaller in diameter, and were, therefore, better calculated to stand wear and tear. They are also in high favor in Mexico, where the coin is used for much the as studs, bonnet ornaments, and as tags for invitations to christenings and other festivities. It is fashionable in Buenos Ayres, for instance, to attach an American gold dollar to the silken cord which holds the mortuge or wedding invitation. Many of the men use the coins for vest buttons, and as the bangle is more in vogue there than in this happy land, the ladies are equally fond of the pretty little coin. The brokers say that African chiefs willingly barter $5 or $10 worth of merchandise for a single one of these little ornaments, while the South American belies do not shrink from giving more than three their face value for the pretty little trinkets.

Water Power is Strongest at Night.

E. M. K., Newcastle, Cal., writes: "A good many years ago I had some experience with several of the old-fashioned water-power saw-mills, and I have no hesitancy in saying these mills did run much more lively and cut lumber faster in the middle of the night than in the middle of the day. I hardly think that the silence and solitude of the night had anything to do with my imagination in relation to this either, for the mill would regularly increase its motion from early evening to a little past midnight, when it would gradually lose speed until morning, and run slow and sleepy through the middle of the day. I did not test the difference in number of the strokes by the watch, as T. E. T. intimates that he has done, but I could see readily that there was a decided difference in the speed, as also in the amount of lumber cut in the same length of time. I am satisfied that it would make 10 per cent more lumber in the time between 11 and 1 o'clock at the night than it would between 11 and 1 o'clock in the day; and all sawyers recognized the marked difference in the working of the mills. I think the cause is the attraction the sun exerts upon your planet, which, as it passes, acts in opposition to the earth's gravitation, thus, by so in erecting the force of gravity, detracting for the power of the water; while at night the revolution of the globe brings the sun more in the direction of the line of gravity, whereby the two forces are combined, and act together in this increased downward pressure, thus increasing the weight and pressure of the water on the wheel. This is my solution of this. It may be wholly my own as far as I know, yet, nevertheless, I believe it is the only true solution. I would like to hear the opinions of others or some scientific explanation of the case."

How to Apply for a Patent.

"Young Inventor," Dunlap, Mo.: Application for a patent must be made in writing to "Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C." The applicant must send a "specification," or written description of his invention, in such full, clear, and exact terms as to enable any one skilled in the art to which it pertains to construct and use it; in case of a machine, he must explain the principle, so as to distinguish it from other inventions; and he must particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement or combination which he claims. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor, and attested by two witnesses.

When the nature of the invention admits of drawings (all machines do) the inventor must furnish one, signed by himself, attested by two witnesses, to be filed in the Patent office. In all cases where it can be represented by model, he is to furnish a model, if the Commissioner requests it. (In a machine it is always wise to furnish a model at first, without the delay of waiting for a request.) The applicant must make oath that he is the original and first inventor of the article; that he does not know nor believe the same to have ever before been made or used; and also state of what country he is a citizen. This oath can be made before any person legally authorized to administer oaths.

Fees must be paid in advance. On filing application for a patent, $15. On issuing the patent, $20—making $35 the total in an original issue.

We strongly advise you to have a patent attorney, perfectly familiar with the business, to draw up your specification, application, etc. It will be of help to you, though of course a patent can be obtained without an attorney's aid. We do not know of an inventor who does not make use of an attorney.

A "Money" Matter.

J. D. L. M., Wilson, Kan.: You possibly did not understand the drift of the answer to J. R., of Dunkard, Iowa, of June 6. We said a true coin—one which contained its face value of metal—will pass anywhere. All our gold coins are of this sort; each contains its face value of gold.—And, in answer to this question, "why cannot the government make money out of paper by the stamping process, just as well as the out of gold, silver, etc?" we answered that the paper so stamped would not pass for anything, because it has no intrinsic value. Now, we presume that J. R. meant what he said—to stamp the paper "one dollar" or "five dollars," etc., the same as coin is stamped. We did not presume him to mean ordinary treasury notes, which say "The United States will pay, on demand, one dollar," or whatever the denomination may be. J. R. evidently had in mind "fiat money," if you are speaking of notes, which are promises to pay. We do not understand what you mean when you say "England received at par, and gave at times a small premium, for $60,000,000 full legal tender paper money, issued in the fore part of the rebellion." No such occurrence is on record. What is your authority for it? Even were it so, the United States notes are all promises to *pay coin*, and the acceptance of them promises stopped, on the confidence the people who accept them have in the ability of the government to pay when the demand is made. You seem to confuse the blank national bank notes furnished by the Treasury printing office with real money. They are not of any value till they are signed by the proper officers of the bank, and issued by that institution; and they were then simply promises to pay money, not real money—which is, in its narrowest signification, coin.

The City of Venice.

P. T. O., Cushing, Iowa: 1.—Venice is a city of northern Italy, built upon a crowded cluster of islets, in a lagoon on the northwest coast of the Adriatic sea (not Mediterranean, as you suppose.) This lagoon is divided from the Adriatic itself by a long, narrow sandbank, extending off the coast from the mouth of the Pisve to that of the Adige river. This bank is called the "Lido," and has six openings through which boats may pass. The Lido is about four miles off the shore. The lagoon is very shallow. The tides rise only from 2 to 3 feet, yet at low tide a great portion of the bottom is laid bare, leaving a muddy plain, traversed everywhere by deeper channels of water. The canals in the city are much deeper, of course, and the water is always deep enough for boats. There is a viaduct two miles long connecting Venice with the railways on the mainland. The Grand Canal, in shape like a reversed letter S, divides the city into two parts. The city is subdivided be 146 canals, used as water streets, and navy gated by gondolas, of which there are over 4,-000 in use, all painted black, in accordance with an old law. Access can be had to all parts of the city by land, however, across the canals by bridges, and among the houses by narrow streets. The city is about 8 miles in circumference, and has about 129,000 population.

2.—We never heard of an "owl" boat. There have been many experimental craft built to be moved by electricity, chiefly torpedo boats.

Measuring Mountain Heights.

A. H., Denver, Colo.:—Mountains that can be ascended are measured by the barometer. The pressure of the atmosphere diminishes according as one ascends above the sea level, and the perfection now attained in making barometers permits experienced observers to calculate by the barometer with very great accuracy the heights attained. Mountains that can not be ascended are measured by triangulation; that is, the distance between two known points is obtained, then the angles between those points and the peak to be measured. This gives the base of the triangle and two adjacent angles; from these figures the length of the two sides may be obtained. Taking one side as a base, the angle formed at the known point by the base line and an imaginary line drawn from the unmeasured peak to the known point is found, and from that angle and that base, the height of the mountain is obtained. This process is repeated from different points, and by different observers; by it the height of Mount Everest, or Gaurisankar, as it is locally called, has been found to be 29,002 feet.

"Chestnut" Questions.

The following are questions that come up constantly and regularly, and we have grown tired of answering them. This is the last time we can take space to notice them:

M. P., West Salem, Wis.: "Washington's Vase" is pure fiction. It never occurred.

C. E. C., Columbus, O.: 1. Probably some of the Northmen were the first Europeans to reach the continent; Columbus's discovery was the real event that made America known to the civilized world, although he did not reach the mainland in any of his voyages. Sebastian Cabot, in 1498, was the first to visit the mainland of North America, and Vespucci that of South America in 1499. 2. If the President and Vice President both die, the succession is vested by law in the Cabinet, beginning with the secretary of State.

J. A. C., Smith's Creek, Mich.: Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is a Presbyterian.

H. S., Elmwood, Tenn.: 1. Thos. H. Benton U. S. senator from Missouri, was the author of the "Thirty Years' View." 2. Polk was elected President by the issue of the annexation of Texas, he favoring it. 3. The so-called "state of Franklin" was never a state. It comprised a part of what is now East Tennessee. The object of the American party was to prevent the fancied efforts of the Catholic church to obtain undue power in the United States, and to require all foreigners to live in this country 21 years before being eligible to vote or hold office. Only three questions at a time, please. Read Rules above.

E. L. G., Kenton, O.: Only three questions; see Rule 1 above. Three in one "don't go." 1. The oldest city now existing is believed to be Damascus. 2. The most northern city is Hammerfest, Norway. 3. The most southern city is probably Campbellton, New Zealand.

Positions as Census Takers.

H. C., Apple Creek, O.: The local census enumerators will not be appointed before next spring, as the work is to be done during the month of June, 1890. The division of territory will be made by the supervisor in charge of each district, which have yet to be laid off. The area of territory given to any enumerator will depend upon the number of inhabitants. If thickly settled, the area will be small; if sparsely inhabited, it will be large. The only advice we can give to any one desiring to obtain a position as enumerator is to write and make application to Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of Census, Washington, D. C.

M. M. G., Jackson, Mich.: A supervisor of the census receives $125 for his services and in addition $1 for each 1,000 or major fraction of 1,000 of the population of incorporated cities, district, or, in sparsely settled districts, $1.40 for each 1,000 or major fraction of 1,000 names returned by the enumerators in his district. It is provided that no supervisor shall receive less than $600 for his services. Supervisors will be employed probably two or three months, in most districts. The 175 districts into which the country is to be divided have not yet been formed, and it cannot be told what the boundaries of your district will be.

The "White Pilgrim."

J. C. E., North Springfield, Pa., writes in answer to the query of M. H., Oak Harbor, O., that the term "white pilgrim" was applied to a man named Joseph Thomas, a native of North Carolina, who, from the description, J. C. E. gives, appears to have been a religious crank, probably partly insane, wandering about the country preaching. He wore white clothing because of the frequent mention of "white robes" in the Bible. He entered 1834-35 he spent in eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania; in the spring he started for the East, stopping somewhere in New York, where he caught the small-pox and died. His grave was visited by Rev. John Ellis, who then and there composed the verses which were referred to in the Bureau a short time ago.

D. R. Locke's Story.

Our friends whose questions we have answered to the best of our ability are each and every one requested to return the favor by reading the announcement of "The Demagogue," on the 4th page of this issue; and then to send, at once, on a postal card, the names and addresses of ten or more persons to whom we can mail sample copies of the paper, with the view of having them subscribe, so as to receive the story. Please do not fail to do this.

Miscellaneous.

C. H. M., Corunna, Mich.: We can make no exception to Rule 4 above. Read it.

M. M. W., Wilson, Kan.: We cannot publish "requests to send," we are sorry to say.

J., Bryan, O.: Type is washed either in benzine or in a solution of potash, to remove the printer's ink.

E. J., Mooresburg, Tenn.: All that we know about ginseng is given in the Farm department of THE BLADE of June 27.

L. S., Webster City, Iowa, writes to say the "immortal 56" he referred to in his query he has ascertained to mean the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

X. Y. Z.: You should consult a good lawyer. It is impossible for us to be sufficiently familiar with the statutes and rules of practice in every state to be able to give you sound advice.

J. C. D., Remington, Ind.: It has been a custom for colleges to dub Presidents LL. D., as Harrison was, by two different institutions, a couple of years ago. Probably Andrew Jackson was, but we are not certain.

W. and L., Angola, Ind.: We do not know of any secret society which admits none but ladies to membership. There may be such a female college fraternity, similar to those among male students, but we do not know of any.

H. O. K., Clinton, Neb.: We do not know what you mean by a "Christian Union society." If you mean a church denomination, there is such a one, but we do not know where to direct you to find the churches belonging to it. It originated during the war, among Methodists who were Democratic in politics.

P. F. C., Fayette, O.: To obtain a passport to a foreign country, write to Hon. James G. Blaine, secretary of State, Washington, D. C., stating what country you wish to visit, and ask that a blank application for a passport be sent you.

M. M. M., Bingamon, W. Va.: The specimen of mineral you send appears to be iron ore. Its value can only be told by an analysis, which probably will cost from $5 to $25. There are metallurgists in all large cities who analyze minerals, but we cannot give addresses.

M., Delta, O., desires a method of restoring to their original color the binding of books bound in "law leather," which has become badly soiled by use, and stained by being handled with sweaty hands. If any one can give a process, we shall be glad to publish it in the Bureau.

J. M. B., Woodlawn, Mo., asks: "Is there a case on record of a sow and pigs being brought to trial for an alleged crime?" It is possible, as there were several instances in the Middle Ages of such absurd proceedings. If any reader knows of an instance, we will be obliged if they will send the facts to us.

Subscriber, Lawrence, Kan.: 1.—We do not know of any treatise upon the English sparrow. Perhaps Secretary Mohler, of your state board of Agriculture, can help you. 2.—Cutting a crow's tongue does not help him to talk. This is a vulgar idea, without foundation. The talking of a bird is done by the larynx, not the tongue.

J. E. M., Planters' Hall, Ky.: 1.—It is a fact that certain federal officials in minor positions, under Cleveland, were men who had been formerly convicted of crimes. 2.—We cannot republish last year's campaign literature. Our space is too valuable. 3.—There is no book published in which the views of our Presidents and statesmen on public questions are collected.

W. D., Indian Run, Pa.: Look in the Bureau of June 27, answer to J. S., Debeque, Colo., on the "United States of Colombia." If you wish to ascertain what the chances for emigrating, under passport, to that country, issued in the fore part of the rebellion." No such occurrence is on record. What is your authority for it? Even were it so, the United States notes are all promises to *pay coin*, and the acceptance of them promises stopped, on the confidence the people who accept them have in the ability of the government to pay when the demand is made. You seem to confuse the blank national bank notes furnished by the Treasury printing office with real money. They are not of any value till they are signed by the proper officers of the bank, and issued by that institution; and they were then simply promises to pay money, not real money—which is, in its narrowest signification, coin.

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

Publishing Directory.

C. C. M., Blue Rapids, Kan.: 1.—The oldest man now on the supreme bench of the United States is Justice Bradley, of New Jersey, who was born in 1813, and appointed to his present position in 1870. 2.—We are not certain, but think Senator Morrill, of Vermont, has been the longest service in the United States senate; he was born in 1810, and elected senator in 1867. (Senators are not appointed, as you seem to think.) 3.—The member of the House of Representatives who has been there longest is Wm. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, often called the "Father of the House."

W. C. H., W. Va.: 1.—We do not recall the list you mention. The Philadelphia *Press* is a Republican paper. 2.—Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, is a Democrat. 3.—Col. Bob Ingersoll has a heavy law practice, and is devoting himself to it, neither lecturing nor engaging in politics. He made a speech in the Chicago auditorium one evening during the Republican national convention last year, after that body had adjourned, but we do not recall his speaking in the campaign.

Subscriber, Mansfield, O.: You can not obtain a situation of the kind you mention by writing. Employers want to see the personal appearance of applicants. The only way to get the best information is to obtain it from your present employers, with letters of introduction, if possible, to business men in the city in which you desire employment; then go and make personal application for a position. That is the only proper and business-like course.

A. R. E., Fremont, N. C.: 1.—You will find a definition of the "Holy Alliance" in the answer to F. L. P., Garden City, Kan., on "The Monroe Doctrine," in the issue of June 27. 2.—The Prohibition question will be settled as a non-partisan matter, and probably never be made a national political issue with either party. We think it would be a great misfortune if it should, for it would perpetuate the Fifth Power for a generation or two. The attempt to create a third party on this issue has been a distinct drawback to the cause, by raising political prejudice in the minds of the voters against anything coming nominally from the Prohibitionists. If thickly settled, the area will be small; if sparsely inhabited, it will be large. The only advice we can give to any one desiring to obtain a position as enumerator is to write and make application to Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of Census, Washington, D. C.

MISS BLYN, SPECULATOR.

A Woman Who Knows How to Buy and Sell Wheat.

"Miss Blyn is getting ready to chang from a bear to a bull. Wheat won't go much lower," was the message received by the representative of a Chicago commission house on the floor of the Minneapolis chamber of commerce.

"Who is Miss Blyn?" asked a gentleman who was shown the message.

The chamber of commerce man replied at length. Of late the market telegrams from Chicago have frequently contained the name of a lady, a certain Miss Blyn, whose operations on the board of trade in that city have begun to attract more than local attention. While Miss Blyn is not the only lady who speculates in grain, she is perhaps the only one since the days of Ruth, the gleaner, who has gained such wide-spread fame in that line.

Miss Blyn was originally a bright-eyed factory girl at Rockford, Ill., but becoming dissatisfied, changed her lot for that of a typewriter in the windy city. While acting in that capacity in the office of a grain dealer she obtained an insight into the manner in which such business is conducted, and so perfected her education in this line that she finally went into business on her own account. Her career thus far has been brief but rather brilliant, and with one or two more seasons as successful as the last one her name, wealth and opinions will be heralded over the land in connection with such familiarity as those of "Old Hutch."

Miss Blyn is a fair, medium-sized woman, and possesses a figure that commands from the gentlemanly members of the board of Trade as much admiration as do her clear headed and thus far successful operations on the board. That she will eventually be a Waterloo there is no doubt, but at present she rides on the tip of the highest wave of success. She has a suit of elegant offices, and has worked up a good clientage among the members of her sex.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

OCEANS OF MILK.

An Estimate of One of the Great Industries of This Country.

"There are $2,000,500,000 invested in the dairying business in this country," said a citizen with a predilection for statistics. "That amount is almost double the money invested in banking and commercial industries. It is estimated that it requires 15,000,000 cows to supply the demand for milk and its products in the United States. To feed these cows 60,000,000 acres of land are under cultivation. The agricultural and dairy machinery and implements in use are worth over $200,000,000. The men employed in the business number 750,000, and the horses over 1,000,000. The cows and horses consume annually 30,000,000 tons of hay, nearly 90,000,000 bushels of cornmeal, about the same amount of oatmeal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran and 30,-000,000 bushels of corn, to say nothing of the brewery grains, sprouts and other questionable feed of various kinds that are used to a great extent. It costs $450,000,-000 to feed these cows and horses. The average price paid to the laborer necessary in the dairy business is probably $20 a month, amounting to $180,000,000 a year.

"The average cow yields about 450 gallons of milk a year, which gives a total product of 6,750,000,000 gallons. Twelve cents a gallon is a fair price to estimate the value of this milk at, a total return to the dairy farmers of $810,000,000, if they sold all their milk as milk. But 50 per cent of the milk is made into cheese and butter. It takes 27 pounds of milk to make 1 pound of butter, and about 10 pounds to make one of cheese. There is the same amount of nutrition in 8½ pounds of milk that there is in 1 pound of beef. A fair steer furnishes 50 per cent of boneless beef, but it would require about 24,000,000 steers, weighing 1,500 pounds each, to produce the same amount of nutrition as the annual milk product does."—*Philadelphia Press.*

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Never black your teacher's eye; it might endanger the pupil.

The banks have stopped taking Canadian money, but the Canadians haven't stopped taking the banks' money.

A New York drummer stumbled and fell in Hartford, striking the pavement with his cheek. The town sued him for damages.

"Do you want to buy this hand-book?" "Do you call that ponderous quarto a hand-book?" "Certainly; it's a work on palmistry."

"I want to write a letter to the secretary of the navy. Shall I address him as 'Your excellency?'" "Oh, no. Use the term 'Your worship.'"

An Optimist.—Wife: "This is the third time you have come home drunk this week." Hubby: "D-don't be so pessimistic, my dear. You should think of the four nights I came home sober."

The Wise Druggist.—"Well, sonny, what is it?" asked the drug clerk, peering over the counter at the 3-foot mite of humanity. "Mammy sent me to get a piece of soap—cast-iron, I think she said." "We don't keep any summer-hotel soap here," returned the clerk; "you must have mistaken the metal. Wasn't it Castile?"—*Life.*

Electric Cars In Paris.

The first of a set of three cars driven by electricity are now running in Paris. The cars are of a heavy description and carry 40 passengers.

S S S

THE WORLD OUGHT TO KNOW IT.

The world ought to know that S. S. S. has done for me in the cure of a malignant Cancer, which was declared incurable by the physicians I went to be treated. One me a copy of an advertisement in regard to Swift's Specific, and I began taking it. I got relief from the first few doses; the poison was gradually forced out of my system, and I was soon cured sound and well. It is now ten months since I quit taking S. S. S. and I have had no sign of return of the dreadful disease.

MRS. ANN BOTHWELL.

Au Sable, Mich., Dec. 29, '88.

Send for books on Blood Diseases and Cancers, mailed free.

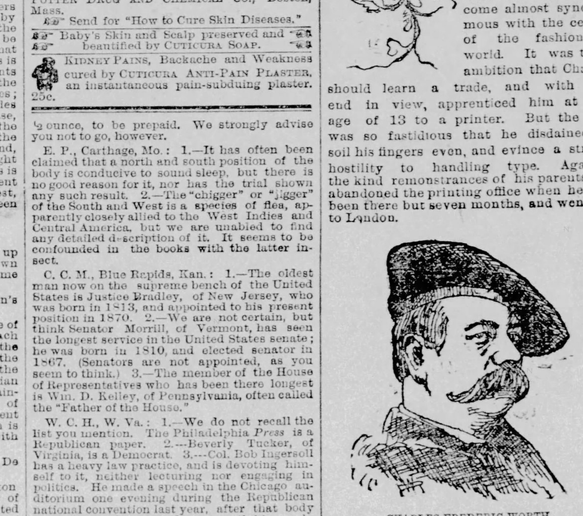
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

THE MAN MILLINER.

WORTH, THE PARISIAN COSTUMER.

Whose Favors are Courted Even by Royalty — Something About the Leader of Feminine Fashions — His Life—Personal Appearance.

CHARLES FREDERIC WORTH was born in the town of Bourne, in Lincolnshire, England. His parents were English, and little dreamed that their name would ever become almost synonymous with the center of the fashionable world. It was their ambition that Charles should learn a trade, and with this end in view, apprenticed him at the age of 13 to a printer. But the boy was so fastidious that he disdained to soil his fingers even, and evince a strong hostility to handling type. Against the kind remonstrances of his parents, he abandoned the printing office when he had been there but seven months, and went up to London.



CHARLES FREDERIC WORTH.

A friend procured young Worth a situation in the house of Swan & Edgar, London. Speaking to an acquaintance the other day, Worth said:

"The heads of the establishment always treated me as if I were a near relative, and on one occasion, when I was seriously ill, Mrs. Edgar took excellent care of me. Indeed, if it had not been for her I doubt if I should be alive to-day."

One naturally asks how did Worth come to be a dressmaker? Those familiar with his past say that he first conceived the idea of becoming a designer of fashions while talking with buyers for the firm.

Moreover, he frequently made suggestions which the heads of departments were not slow to see in a favorable light. The more he talked with the buyers the more he resolved to go to Paris, and soon began the study of French. At length, unable to secure a positive engagement, he proceeded to the gay capital, and almost at once got a position with Gagelin & Co. Worth's wage was now about 22 years old. In a few years he was at the head of a department, and strove to introduce several departures. Failing to see his suggestions utilized, he established the firm of Worth & Bobergh. In 1870 he founded the now famous house of Worth.

Meanwhile the enterprising Englishman had found favor at the imperial court, Eugenie herself being an ardent admirer of his skill. Of the many elegant dresses made for the empress, the following may be mentioned: A fancy costume designed from a portrait of the famous Marie de Medicis, which the emperor said looked to funereal and which Worth replaced by a reproduction of Marie Antoinette's costumes as seen in a famous portrait; a Juno costume, also a dress designed from a portrait of a wife of a doge of Venice, a dress in black tulle and marabout feathers, representing Night; a Diana costume, in which she wore a silver quiver and numerous diamonds; a day walking costume, trimmed with velvet ribbons, the skirt and pocket matching, and a mourning dress in more antique. All these added to the already established reputation of Worth.

While in the employ of Gagelin & Co., Worth received medals for the displays at the international exhibition in London and later one at the Paris exhibition.

"How and when did woman's dress become so important in an artistic sense?" Worth was asked.

"At the beginning of the reign of Napoleon III.," was the famous dressmaker's reply, "feminine apparel began to assume great importance from an artistic standpoint. Crinoline had not then come in use. There was a craze for fancy dress ball—and the empress was a beautiful woman. I have made costumes for many lovely women, but the empress was the loveliest of all. Even now she is a handsome woman, although quite recently a sufferer from a protracted illness. It was a genuine pleasure to make dresses for her, a woman of graceful carriage and beautiful bust and shoulders. Relatives of the empress first gave balls in honor of the empress, who reciprocated by giving a grand affair, at which she appeared as Diana in a costume especially designed for her by me.

"I recall," says Worth, "that it was very difficult to introduce costumes which are very popular now. What in those days would be called indelicate, are now considered quite proper. Of those things I had done, and which some call remarkable, you might cite the making of a dress which took 100 yards of silk. It was in light glace taffetas, and had three shades of purple, varying from pale to violet, when complete the dress looked like an immense bouquet of violets, having a skirt covered with close full ruching in three shades."

The unwillingness of the Empress Eugenie to

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside,

is well illustrated by her refusal to wear a very striking costume Worth once made for her, until a lady at court had first set the fashion. Much as she would have liked to show it off in something different from that worn by others, she always felt that her rank forbade, and therefore left to Countess de Fourtales the experiment of wearing Worth's novelties. So fashionable did the novelties then become that the noted dressmaker was generally obliged to duplicate the novelty for her majesty.

In personal appearance Worth is a striking individual, and socially a charming man, although inclined to be reticent, except on business or among personal friends. Among the latter are many Americans.—*Paris Letter in Boston Globe.*

The Late King of Servia.

Ex-King Milan is very much upset. He dares not return to Servia, although his interests imperatively demand his presence there. His young son's throne is already threatened by the shadow of the hated Karageorgewitch, descendent of the immortal swinehead who wrested his country from the Turk, and whom Napoleon I. proclaimed one of the foremost men of his time. The queen mother, the youthful Natalie, will be handsomely provided for by Russia in case the Czar's plans succeed, but Milan runs some risk of becoming a "king in exile," as hopelessly ruined as was the monarch of Illyria of whom Alphonse Daudet has given us so fascinating and pathetic a portrait.

Electroplating of Glass and Porcelain.

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American Versus English Machinery.

American machinery, in many respects, seems unsurpassed, yet we see it stated that the United Kingdom export over $50,000,000 worth in a single year, as compared with less than $10,000,000 sent to other countries by the United States.

HORRORS OF ALCOHOLISM.

The Frightful Effects and Maladies Resulting From the Use of Alcohol.

Translated by Olive Harper for Demorest's Monthly.

Dr. Monin, a distinguished French physician and secretary of the French society of Hygiene, has recently completed a report on the scourge of alcoholism that has just been published, and in which, without useless digression, simply but implacably, he has traced a cruel but truthful picture of the progress of the evil.

Frightful in truth, are the effects and maladies which result from the altercation caused in the human organism by the use of alcohol. But it is, above all, the degradation or the perversity of the brain and the intelligence which offers the most horrible spectacle.

The drinker does not at once become subject to these hallucinations. Although drunkenness may be considered as a passing insanity, it is not until after a general disordering of the whole nervous system that the drunkard succumbs to delirium. He begins by feeling pains in his head, loses his memory, forgets words, hesitates in his actions, weeps for trifles, and laughs inconsciously. Irascible, uneasy, jealous he presents, at first, profound troubles of moral sensibility. Then he becomes taciturn, soured and subject to childish peevishness. At the same time the will becomes less and less active, and ends in utter helplessness. While in this condition some cannot write, others cannot take hold of any object however much they may desire, from lack of sufficient volition.

The victim of alcoholism, who has reached this period of his decay, has an agitated expression, suffers from considerable congestion, is covered with a profuse perspiration on the least occasion, and his eyes are brilliant and injected with blood. At other times, on the contrary, the expression of the face is sad, and the physiognomy of the man thus attacked, with his hanging lips, dull eyes, and thin hair, clammy and moist, shows exactly the state of the intelligence of the unhappy victim.

Soon, now, the drunkard, fatally drawn toward intellectual and physical decrepitude, is constantly being deceived by his senses in the appreciation of surrounding things. It is thus that he feels tremblings and creeping sensations, cramps, and a quivering of the nostrils and the upper lip. He has visual hallucinations, confounds colors, particularly violet and yellow with red, and cannot distinguish silver from gold. He is a prey to continual insomnias and endless imaginations. Sometimes he imagines himself surrounded by flames and feels the painful burns, or he sees armed men springing upon him; and it is a lamentable spectacle to see the unhappy man struggling against his imaginary enemies.

Among the most frequent forms of alcoholic delirium are jealousy, and, above all, that of the imaginary persecuted. There are numerous cases where the wretched victims imagine that they have large sums of money hidden away, and the precautions which they take to conceal the imaginary fortune from the pursuit of others are incredible. Every visitor is suspected. The parents, wives and children of the miserable creatures are suspected as so many ravishers, and their words and suggestions which the heads of departments were not slow to see in a favorable light. The more he talked with the buyers the more he resolved to go to Paris, and soon began the study of French. At length, unable to secure a positive engagement, he proceeded to the gay capital, and almost at once got a position with Gagelin & Co. Worth's wage was now about 22 years old. In a few years he was at the head of a department, and strove to introduce several departures. Failing to see his suggestions utilized, he established the firm of Worth & Bobergh. In 1870 he founded the now famous house of Worth.

Meanwhile the enterprising Englishman had found favor at the imperial court, Eugenie herself being an ardent admirer of his skill. Of the many elegant dresses made for the empress, the following may be mentioned: A fancy costume designed from a portrait of the famous Marie de Medicis, which the emperor said looked too funereal and which Worth replaced by a reproduction of Marie Antoinette's costumes as seen in a famous portrait; a Juno costume, also a dress designed from a portrait of a wife of a doge of Venice, a dress in black tulle and marabout feathers, representing Night; a Diana costume, in which she wore a silver quiver and numerous diamonds; a day walking costume, trimmed with velvet ribbons, the skirt and pocket matching, and a mourning dress in more antique. All these added to the already established reputation of Worth.

While in the employ of Gagelin & Co., Worth received medals for the displays at the international exhibition in London and later one at the Paris exhibition.

"How and when did woman's dress become so important in an artistic sense?" Worth was asked.

"At the beginning of the reign of Napoleon III.," was the famous dressmaker's reply, "feminine apparel began to assume great importance from an artistic standpoint. Crinoline had not then come in use. There was a craze for fancy dress ball—and the empress was a beautiful woman. I have made costumes for many lovely women, but the empress was the loveliest of all. Even now she is a handsome woman, although quite recently a sufferer from a protracted illness. It was a genuine pleasure to make dresses for her, a woman of graceful carriage and beautiful bust and shoulders. Relatives of the empress first gave balls in honor of the empress, who reciprocated by giving a grand affair, at which she appeared as Diana in a costume especially designed for her by me.

"I recall," says Worth, "that it was very difficult to introduce costumes which are very popular now. What in those days would be called indelicate, are now considered quite proper. Of those things I had done, and which some call remarkable, you might cite the making of a dress which took 100 yards of silk. It was in light glace taffetas, and had three shades of purple, varying from pale to violet, when complete the dress looked like an immense bouquet of violets, having a skirt covered with close full ruching in three shades."

The unwillingness of the Empress Eugenie to

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside,

is well illustrated by her refusal to wear a very striking costume Worth once made for her, until a lady at court had first set the fashion. Much as she would have liked to show it off in something different from that worn by others, she always felt that her rank forbade, and therefore left to Countess de Fourtales the experiment of wearing Worth's novelties. So fashionable did the novelties then become that the noted dressmaker was generally obliged to duplicate the novelty for her majesty.

In personal appearance Worth is a striking individual, and socially a charming man, although inclined to be reticent, except on business or among personal friends. Among the latter are many Americans.—*Paris Letter in Boston Globe.*

The Late King of Servia.

Ex-King Milan is very much upset. He dares not return to Servia, although his interests imperatively demand his presence there. His young son's throne is already threatened by the shadow of the hated Karageorgewitch, descendent of the immortal swinehead who wrested his country from the Turk, and whom Napoleon I. proclaimed one of the foremost men of his time. The queen mother, the youthful Natalie, will be handsomely provided for by Russia in case the Czar's plans succeed, but Milan runs some risk of becoming a "king in exile," as hopelessly ruined as was the monarch of Illyria of whom Alphonse Daudet has given us so fascinating and pathetic a portrait.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1889.

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ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor,

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WEEKLY BLADE THREE MONTHS.

In order that many thousand new readers may join THE BLADE ranks during the publication of Mr. LOCKE'S serial story elsewhere announced, we shall make a special 3 months' club rate for the Weekly BLADE, at a price that ought to give us 50,000 new subscribers within 30 days. Agents will do well to write us for special club terms *at once*.

THE KIND OF A "FAILURE" PROHIBITION IS.

There has been a good deal of editorial twaddle printed, since the defeat of the Prohibitory amendment in Pennsylvania, over the "failure" of Prohibition as a restrictive measure. They all say it "fails to prohibit." But how are we to account for the fact that the Rum Power makes such a hard struggle against it, then? If, under Prohibition, liquor is sold as freely as before—and it is claimed that it is—why should the whisky men fight it? Such sales are not hampered by license fees, by closing ordinances, and other legal restrictions which have the effect of reducing their profits. Surely there is some mistake about Prohibition being a "failure," is there not?

If Prohibition be a "failure," why did the Rum Power voluntarily tax itself to the tune of a couple of millions or so to defeat the amendment in Pennsylvania? The National Liquor League was called into being to fight the Prohibition movement. It concentrates its efforts on each state in detail, where Prohibitory work is under way. Never, in a single instance, has the Rum Power been found even indifferent to Prohibition. This of course shows that it is a "failure," does it not? But if it is, why waste time and effort on it?

Of like nature are the rejoicings that the Prohibition movement is declining. We do not mean the third party movement, for that is not so directly a Prohibition effort as it is a political move to overthrow the old parties, build up a new one, capture all the offices, and then, perhaps, try some Prohibition legislation. When we speak of the Prohibition movement, we do not refer to the third party people at all, whose total number is not more than one fourteenth of that of the people who favor Prohibition, but will not make a party matter of it. Ever since the Pennsylvania and Rhode Island elections there have been numerous predictions that "Prohibition will never again secure a majority in any state." We think it will; in Nebraska, for instance, we feel sure of it. But "never" is a long day. If Prohibition were a mere political expedient, it might safely be said that it "will never secure a majority in any state." But it is a moral question, a social question; and moral revolutions never go backward. There is not one friend of Prohibition in Pennsylvania or in Rhode Island whose convictions in the question have been changed by the result in those two states. That the wrong temporarily triumphs over the right, even by a big majority, does not make the wrong one whit less wrong, the right less right.

Time works wonders; and it will work a revolution in favor of Prohibition in Pennsylvania, in Rhode Island. Prohibition is a method of dealing with the admitted and acknowledged evils that are the inevitable result of the Rum traffic. The majority of the people of every state in the Union recognize these evils, and their cause. The point on which that majority does not agree is as to the best remedy. Taxation by high license now stands highest in popular favor. That it will fail to remove or prevent the evils of the Rum traffic is as certain as the rising of the sun to-morrow morning. Any other scheme looking to the same end must necessarily fail, so long as the traffic is permitted to exist in any form. When they have been tried and found wanting, Prohibition will remain as the true remedy. It will be a case of the survival of the fittest. All temporary expedients must yield in the end to entire suppression of the traffic. When the people see that there is but one way of effectively managing the matter, Prohibition will win every time.

It is an absolute certainty that high or low license will prove a failure. We are ready to admit freely that high license reduces the number of saloons, and often largely. But the *number* of saloons is not the cause of the intemperance, poverty, misery, vice, insanity and crime that are the concomitants of Rum. It is the saloon itself. If 10,000 men in Toledo drink, to suppress half the saloons will not suppress half the drinking; it will not cause 5,000 of those men to stop drinking. The patronage of the moiety of the saloons remaining will simply be doubled; each remaining saloon will increase its accommodations, and double the number of its barkeepers. And if you raise the license to so high a figure that there is but one saloon left, it is certain that it will have the 10,000 drinking men for its customers. Ten thousand men can be served in a single saloon as well as ten score; all that is necessary is the enlargement of its accommodations and an increase in its staff of barkeepers. High license abolishes part of the saloons, but it gives a monopoly of custom to those remaining. It is hard to see how the evils arising from liquor selling can be removed so long as the saloon itself exists.

Hence it is plain that the work of ruining young and destroying older men will go on practically unchecked under high license, and that the amount of drunkenness, and its attendant vice and crime, will not be decreased. High license is a failure as a temperance measure; it restricts the number of saloons, but it does not restrict the deadly work the saloons are doing. It is the "failure," not Prohibition. The effective line of work for the friends, of temperance is to keep up the educational crusade; to waken men's minds to the evils of the Rum traffic, and the utter inadequacy of the high license system to cope with them, or to be the least check upon them. Then the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" will come into play; voters will see at last that, all other so-called regulative measures being failures, there is no line of progress open but to destroy utterly the Rum traffic; that the only way to cure the evils of that traffic is, by Prohibition, to remove their cause and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

T. M. REINHART writes to THE BLADE from Seattle, Washington Territory, saying that people should think twice before going there. The coast is flooded with all kinds of labor and wages are low and living high. The advice is good, and those living in Toledo and vicinity should heed it.

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

The Editor of "The Blade" on a Brief Tour Across the Sea.

Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE, the Editor of this paper, sailed for Europe on Wednesday, July 3, for a much needed rest and vacation, and will spend nearly two months among the people of northern Germany. During this time he will write a weekly letter to THE BLADE, which will be illustrated by photographs taken on the spot. These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American reader about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE, Nasby), and thus had an unequalled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters from the North of Germany.

THE OHIO REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Ohio Republican state convention has done well in making a short platform, embodying its declaration of party principles in a few brief paragraphs, each crisp, strong, and easily understood. There is no rhetorical display, no obscuration of of sense by sound—no masking of meaning behind a turgid and involved mass of verbiage.

The first plank gives the usual adhesion to the national platform, and arrays the Ohio Republicans solidly in favor of protection in its widest sense. Protection to all American citizens at home and protection to them abroad, in every land, on every sea, means protection to American citizens against trusts and monopolies and other internal evils, with a self respecting foreign policy which shall make American citizenship a proper protection to every one, however humble, in every part of the globe. "Protection to every American citizen in the exercise of his political rights and privileges" is simply a demand that every citizen entitled to the ballot shall cast it unmolested, and have it honestly counted and recorded. It is the Republican position on the vexed Southern question. The paragraph closes with a clear-cut, honest tariff declaration for protection to American industry and labor against the competition of the world.

Next comes a merited endorsement of President HARRISON'S administration, and a pledge of support, with a special clause commendatory of the just and liberal interpretation of the pension laws by that department, recognizing that in so doing the government is but carrying out the pledges made by the nation to her defenders in her hour of peril. Then follows a resolution favoring an equitable service pension law for all honorably discharged Union soldiers and sailors of the rebellion.

The next two planks demand full and adequate protection to American woolgrowers, and indorse, as a step in that direction, the recent decision of the secretary of the Treasury, rating worsteds at the same duties as other woolen goods. The justice of the demand and the equity of the decision can not be disputed by any one who believes in proper protection to American industry in any and all lines.

The sixth plank is one of congratulation to the Irish people on the progress made in the struggle for home rule, and the obtaining of justice through peaceful and honorable means for this long-oppressed nationality. It also indorses the Irish-American diplomatic appointments of President HARRISON.

The seventh is a very warm tribute to Governor FORAKER and his administration of state affairs, in which due mention is made of the splendid financial record of his incumbency, the improvement in the state's credit, the reduction of taxation to a lower rate than has been reached before within a half century; and his promptitude in responding to the calls of the suffering receives proper mention.

The eighth plank indorses the liquor legislation of the General Assembly, and pledges the party to keep abreast of public opinion in the state on this momentous question. The resolutions close with a merited recognition of Senator SHERMAN'S statesmanship and tender of welcome upon his return.

The platform is a model one. It is short and to the point, and is self-interpreting. It takes broad ground, in an honest, frank manner, and no matter how much Republicans may differ in their estimates of various party leaders, there is nothing in it to which all can not give a hearty assent. It makes the issues of the state campaign; for the Democrats can find it in no omission of an enunciation of political doctrine on any point that is in controversy among the voters of the state. A strong ticket and a sound platform have placed the Republicans in excellent fighting trim for the coming campaign.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

Now that WM. WALTER PHELPS is appointed minister to Germany, we may expect a fresh crop of sneering references to his "bang" by the Democratic papers. It is true that Mr. PHELPS wears his hair banged over his brow; but it is also true that this is done simply to cover an ugly scar, which, if kept in plain sight by another style of wearing the hair, would look much worse than the bang. It seems to us, anyhow, that such a style of attack should be beneath the notice of any editor with the instincts of a gentleman.

REFERRING to a recent article in this paper concerning SQUIRES, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* remarks:

It is possible that Squires was wronged by the hasty dismissal in the first place. It is well to get all of the facts.

With all due regard for our contemporary of sesquipedalian nomenclature, we are compelled to reassert our belief that the charges are well founded.

THE legislature of Missouri at its recent session passed a bill which prohibits the marriage of first cousins, and declares such marriages absolutely void. Are the Missourians so closely connected that it is difficult to obtain a wife without marrying your first cousin? It would seem so. Under the new law, however, they will have to content themselves with marrying some other fellow's first cousin.

The trouble with the large majority of matrimonially-inclined young men in this country is that they have not the patience to wait 50 years for a golden wedding. And they expect the bride to furnish the gold.

TOM NAST, the cartoonist, has wearied of mugwumpery and CLEVELAND fetichism, and has joined the staff of *Time*, the bright little cartoon weekly that did such good work for the Republican cause last year.

THE murderous gang who slaughtered CRONIN will find that the monumental lying they are doing will not save them from detection and punishment.

THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

The pre-convention campaign in Ohio this year presented some features that were peculiar. There was no discussion as to candidates for any of the positions on the ticket to be filled, save the governorship. It was well understood that, after he choice for head of the ticket was made, geographical considerations alone would control the naming of the candidate for the lieutenant governorship; while for the minor positions, party precedent dictated a second term for the major portion. The candidacy for the governorship and the practical primacy among Ohio Republicans which it carries with it, *ex-officio*, was the only object of contention.

Governor FORAKER is just closing his second term as governor. It is a general rule among Ohio Republicans—a rule to which exceptions have been made in the past, however—that a new candidate shall be chosen in such a case. Governor FORAKER was not a candidate for a renomination. THE BLADE is in a position to know this, and to know it beyond a doubt. He had even begun making preliminary arrangements looking to a return to his home at Cincinnati at the close of his term, and a resumption of his law practice, which, in a financial sense, is worth twice or thrice the salary of the governor of Ohio. Yet the Republicans of the state, by an overwhelming majority, determined that the two-term rule should be set aside, and demanded that Governor FORAKER should waive his personal preference and again accept the nomination and the party leadership.

If ever there were a nomination that was the result of sincere and well-considered preference on the part of the people, and made by the convention in obedience thereto, it was the renomination of Governor FORAKER. Yet, immensely popular as he is personally, this will not alone explain the full measure of that mighty pressure of Republican opinion in Ohio that asked—nay, demanded—that he should again head the ticket and lead the hosts of his party to victory. For, magnetic as he is, FORAKER owes the deeper, stronger element of popular favor which he possesses in a supreme degree to the principles that he represents, rather than to a purely personal attraction.

A Republican monopoly has been established in Ohio through various causes, not the least of which has been the occult influence, or unfortunate combination of circumstances, that have for eighteen years caused Ohio, a Republican state, to choose a Democratic legislature every sixth year, and thus give her a Democrat in one of her two seats in the United States Senate. Whatever the cause, the fact is patent; and the result has been the domination of Ohio Republican politics by the element of which Senator SHERMAN is the head, and which has practically had control since the war era. Since that control began, an entire generation of young Republicans have come on the stage of active life. So numerous are they that to-day they outnumber the elder element enormously. Yet, though the combination detailed above, they could hope for nothing in the way of party preferment or political distinction, unless they bowed allegiance to the single dominant factor in whose hands lay all power.

It was not in the nature of things that this should go on. The young Republicans are coming to the front, and find the rank and file or the party in hearty accord with them. The strength of FORAKER, aside from his personal qualities, lies in his being the representative of this element. The state convention afforded a means of correctly gauging the actual strength of the younger element in the party, in the balloting for candidates for the governorship. The opposition could produce no man who could command even one-fifth of the delegates, with the votes of courtesy thrown in. The convention balloted twice—once that what complimentary votes were promised might be given; again, that the real strength of all aspirants might be shown—and then, like a tremendous tide, resistless in its course, came the demand for FORAKER. Not as the result of machine work; not as the outcome of capturing caucuses and controlling county conventions; but as the honest demand of a mighty majority of Ohio Republicans, for a leadership free from the paralyzing control of the old-time domination.

The demand of the younger, progressive element is not for the political death of any Republican. They do not require the overthrow of the old, and the setting up of the new in its stead. But they do demand that the Senatorial seat that has so long been held by a Democrat shall be filled by a Republican who is a representative of their own element. The action of the state convention is a cordial assent. It can be interpreted in no other way. And the outlook is for an energetic, aggressive campaign, and certain victory at the polls next November.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.

Send us, *at once*, on a postal card or otherwise, the names of ten of your neighbors whom you think would like to read the late D. R. LOCKE'S great novel of American life, "The Demagogue," the announcement of which is given elsewhere. We will send to every person a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the announcement, and will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us names as above requested. Do it AT ONCE.

THE delights of country life have been the theme of the poet and essayist for o, these many years, but there is another side to the question. When the spring has thrown its beautiful drapery over mother Earth, the eye is delighted and the heart grows light with pleasure. When, too, autumn has ripened fruits and grains into a glorious, golden beauty, then the country is full of attraction. Taking the whole year through, however, and the opportunities for enjoyment are greater in the city. "The united life of a large aggregation of people," says the Boston *Traveller*, "commands wonderful advantages impossible to the rural community." And Miss Frances Power Cobbe writes thus:

The truth is, that one wants *to live*, not to vegetate; to do as much good, whether to ourselves or other people, as time permits; to receive and give impressions; to feel, to act, to *be*, as much as possible, in the few brief years of mortal existence; and this concentrated life can be lived in the city as nowhere else. If a man have any ambition, here it may best be pursued. If he desires to contend for any truth, or any justice, here is his proper battlefield. If he love pleasure, here are fifty enjoyments at his disposal for one which he can obtain in the country. The finish and completeness of life is delightful."

There is indeed a great deal of truth in this. It is only the few who really like a continuous country life, unless it be those who have, through generations of habit acquired a love for Nature, which is greater than any desire of companionship with human folk.

AT last a great social question has been settled. A Polish nobleman in New York, who desired to commit suicide, and was not quite sure of the proper etiquette of the proceedings, looked up the authorities, and deciding that "gentlemen do not blow their brains out," resorted to prussic acid in beer. This item should have found place in our social column, but was crowded out.

SENATOR SHERMAN is expected home in time to take an active part in the campaign. The statement of the New York *Herald* that he had already returned was erroneous.

MORTGAGE INDEBTEDNESS.

The campaign charges as to the amount of mortgage indebtedness on farms in the United States, made by the free traders, have resulted in a determination on the part of the superintendent of the Census, Hon. ROBERT P. PORTER, to pay particular attention to this point in next year's census. Three problems will confront the census bureau in this inquiry: First, to make the collection of recorded mortgage indebtedness as complete as possible. Second, to ascertain how far such debts have been reduced by payments. Third, to separate the farm mortgages proper from those on city lots and real estate. It is not fully decided whether the statistics of mortgage indebtedness shall be taken for the entire country or not. Probably only representative sections in each state will be taken.

Already the Census office has been in correspondence with the chiefs of the state labor bureaus, and have had several talks with Col. WRIGHT, the head of the national department of Labor. Col. WRIGHT was able, with an appropriation of less than $20,000, to gather the statistics of marriage and divorce for twenty years from every county in the Union, but he had, as a rule, to send his agents to county seats only. The statistics of mortgage indebtedness are more scattered, and it is estimated that it will cost much more to gather them. They will probably be gathered by special agents of the Census bureau, and the inquiry will be made thorough in those counties which it covers.

To ascertain the proportion of indebtedness already discharged will be the most puzzling problem. Mwo methods of doing this have been suggested. One is to have the regular census enumerators inquire of every household the amount still due upon the home or the farm. The other method is to take from the records the name of the holder of each mortgage and write to him to ascertain how much is still due upon the principal. This method would involve a great deal of expense and labor, and could only be applied in representative districts, even if the statistics of the original mortgages were taken for the entire country. The presumption would, of course, be that the percentage of indebtedness to the original principal of the mortgage would be about the same throughout a state as in the counties chosen. Quite probably the method of gathering the statistics by enumerators will be employed, and the accuracy of their work tested by correspondence in representative cases.

The aggregate of mortgage indebtedness of the country will, of course, include a vast amount of indebtedness which will have no relation to farms. It will probably be found that the magnificent buildings which have recently sprung up to ornament Western cities are just as heavily mortgaged to Eastern capital as the farms. It will be the task of the census bureau to separate the different classes of indebtedness. The obvious line of distinction which has suggested itself to the census officials is that between farms as measured in acres, and small suburban and city lots, as measured in feet. There is also another interesting branch of this inquiry which the census will probably not take up, in the character of the holders of these mortgages. It may be possible to ascertain where they are held, and this will show probably that the older states of the West, like Ohio and Indiana, are less in bondage to the East than the states farther West, and that their mortgages are largely held by the great capitalists at home whom their prosperity has enriched.

TO THE "OLD GUARD."

We ask THE BLADE'S patrons, each and every one, to do us the favor to take a postal card, write on it the name and address of *ten* of their neighbors and friends, and send it to us, so that we may mail sample copies of the paper containing the announcement "The Demagogue," D. R. LOCKE'S final literary work. It should be read by everybody.

MARIA MITCHELL DEAD.

Dr. MARIA MITCHELL, the astronomer, who died at her home at Lynn, Mass., on June 29, was a woman whose career is an inspiration to hosts of young women with serious aims in life. She was one of that trio of famous women astronomers of which CAROLINE HERSCHEL and MARY SOMERVILLE were the early members, and she was fairly to be ranked with them in ability and attainments. Made an LL D. by three colleges, the recipient of medals from European kings, the friend of AGASSIZ, HERSCHEL and VON HUMBOLDT, her sex was to her no bar to the appreciation of her ability and no obstacle to rewards which a scholar could appreciate. Dr. MITCHELL was best known as the professor of astronomy of Vassar college. She was present at the opening of the school, lived in the observatory, had no thought of anything save her work, and kept at it continuously until a year ago when failing health forced her to give up her work, which is now carried on by Miss WHITNEY, a favorite pupil.

DISHEARTENED DEMOCRATS.

The New York *World* is a Democratic paper and looks at things through Democratic spectacles, and yet even it cannot see much hope for its party in Ohio this fall. Although unable to speak kindly of FORAKER, it has this to say about the probable result:

As a third-term candidate—something quite new in Ohio politics—he ought to be easily beaten, despite the backing of the Harrison administration; but the Democrats seem to have no strong man to pit against him. Since the demoralization of the party through the sale of a senatorship and the adoption of a general system of boodling no capable leader has appeared. It is proposed now to nominate a protectionist to governor, thereby, in the person of the candidate, setting at naught the true mission of the party; and if this be done Foraker will probably be re-elected. He has antagonized some of the most influential men of his party, but the party voters are at his heels.

A GOOD WATCH AT LAST!

Those of our readers who want a *good* cheap watch will please read our new watch offer in the Publishers' Department, on 5th page. The watch we now have is the best cheap watch ever offered, and we are able to recommend it heartily.

SUPERINTENDENT PORTER, of the Census department, has written a letter defending himself against the charges which have been made by critical Democrats and mugwumps. He denies any political management in the selection of his assistants, and says:

I am obliged to confess that I do not know the politics of seven out of the twenty chiefs of this office thus far decided on. The fact is that men who are really masters of any special subject are so scarce that a man with an undertaking of the magnitude of the 11th census on hand is not likely to trouble himself much about a man's politics or religion, when he knows that he has the right man for the place.

We do not think there is much danger that any intelligent man, Democrat or Republican, will be misled, by any silly partisan charges, into supposing that the census will not be honestly made. In point of fact, it would take collusion among the thousands of enumerators to do anything of the sort, and such a thing is impossible, even if anybody dreamed of so foolish a thing.

LAST week THE BLADE printed a poem entitled, "The Copperhead," and stated that the author was unknown. Since then t has learned that it was written by Col. HOPLEY, editor of the Bucyrus *Journal*, and printed in that paper June 5, 1868.

SENATOR SHERMAN is expected home in time to take an active part in the campaign. The statement of the New York *Herald* that he had already returned was erroneous.

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

By the time this issue of THE BLADE reaches its readers, the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence will have passed. It is the custom to keep the anniversary of the nation's birth with much making of joyful noises; to express the people's gladness at each annual milepost marking the ascending years of our nation's freedom by the thunder of artillery and the crack of fire-arms; and to greet the rising of the golden sun of liberty on the nation's natal day with the joyous clang of bells and the explosion of fire-crackers. The Fourth of July is Young America's day of unrestricted noise, in any and all possible ways. Let the boys have their fun; they will be better men for recalling the adolescent joys of the Fourth when youth is past.

To us of maturer years, the thought of our growing greatness should inspire our breasts with pride and patriotism, and amid the infernal din of cracker and cannon, the clang of bells and the gladsome shouts of our children, which mark the day, we are still able, on this anniversary, to appreciate more thoroughly as the years go by the blessings of civil and religious liberty. It is well to turn backward in thought to the original Fourth, when, amid the times that tried men's souls, when "the golden sun of liberty had nearly set in the gloom of an eternal night," the Revolutionary fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors to the maintenance of the intrepid declaration of national freedom. They laid the foundations, in doubt and darkness, amid the gloom of quick-coming war, of that glorious edifice of a government by the people, to which we owe the manifold blessings we to-day enjoy.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere*.

WHAT IS AT STAKE.

The Republican party in Ohio this year is somewhat in the position of the boy who was dividing his apples with a smaller comrade. He was proceeding with the division on the principle of two for himself and one for the little fellow, when he brought out of the bag the biggest apple in the collection. "It's my turn," pleaded the smaller boy, but the big one looked at the beauties of the fruit in his hand, and replied: "If it had been like the others, perhaps it might have been your turn, but this apple is too big," and he put it in his own pile.

So while the Democrats, for one reason or another, have succeeded in breaking into power in Ohio once every six years—to the great injury of the state's credit and their own reputations—the apple is too big this time, and the Republicans will have to keep it themselves. The stake that is being played for now, is the largest Ohio politics ever knew. If the constitutional amendments pass—and they are very likely to—there are at issue two United States senatorships besides the state officers. If Ohio were by any chance to go Democratic this fall she would enter the campaign of 1892 badly handicapped. She could not receive, nor would she dare to ask, any consideration at the hands of the Republican national convention, and two Democratic senators would turn the control of the Senate over to the party of free trade and rebellion. But let the Republicans win—and win they must and will—and they can go to the National convention of 1892 with two United States senators in their delegation, with the proof that Ohio is a reliable Republican state, governed by Republican principles and officered by Republicans and her credit will never have been so good or her standing so high as in this latter, and now almost certain, contingency. The stake is a large one. It means much to Ohio, much to Republicans. All that is needed for Republican success is Republican votes, and there is no question but that they will be delivered at the proper time. It will be another campaign of Vim, Vigor and Victory.

INTERSTATE EXTRADITION.

The difficulty which was recently experienced in the matter of the handing over of two of the men accused of the murder of Dr. CRONIN to the Illinois authorities, by the authorities of New York, has naturally called attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the laws relative to interstate extradition. The matter has been considered at intervals before, and efforts made to bring the states to something like uniformity in regard to it, if not to place it on a more certain and legal basis. The purpose of the constitution is clearly to enable a state to reach beyond its own borders and bring back a fugitive from justice. But the constitutional reference to the subject is a very weak part of that revered document. While it makes positive provision for the extradition of criminals, it makes no provision whatever for its enforcement. Practically it is left to each state to act as it pleases in such matters; and, what is worse, it is left, finally, to the Governors of the states, who may decide as their caprice or prejudices dictate, and with responsibility to nothing but their own consciences. There may not have been many cases where this power has been abused, but it is evidently a power that cannot be left as it is with the expectation that justice will always and certainly be done. There ought to be a fixed, well-defined and uniform law, in accordance with which the extradition process can be carried out with certainty, and the whole business ought to be taken from the state executive and entrusted to the courts.

IT is said that President WERKAL, of the Inter-state Railway association — the "gentlemen's agreement"—expresses great confidence that a solution of the complications by which the association is confronted now will be found and that the organization will prove equal to the test that is now applied. This confidence on the part of Mr. WALKER is very widely shared by railroad men and others deeply interested in the situation. No one denies that the complications are serious, but there is a general feeling that the inducements to preserve some sort of an understanding and maintain rates are great.

A NEW YORK Democratic paper calls attention again to the pregnant fact that in the last national House of Representatives the four Western states of Michigan, Missouri, Minnesota and Iowa had 23 Democratic and 18 Republican congressmen, and reminds its readers that in the new House these four states will be represented by 28 Republicans and 13 Democrats. It is facts like these which strikingly demonstrate the futility of free trade "campaigns of education" among American farmers. The American system of protection has no stronger supporters than they.

MICHIGAN will now have prohibition in every locality where public sentiment will support the full enforcement of the law. The new local option statute provides that if at any time one-fifth of the voters of a county demand a local option election, it shall be held.

WHO is the unfortunate Democrat who will be forced to run against FORAKER?

READ the announcement of "The Demagogue" elsewhere in this paper.

THE OHIO REFORM SCHOOL.

The somewhat sad as well as startling fact has just been developed that, of the 1,520 prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary, about 1,000 were in the state Reform school in their boyhood. It does not speak well for the Reform school that its boys take up criminal ways on leaving that institution. Are boys born criminals—with a bent of mind which irresistibly takes them into the ranks of law-breakers? Or is it due to the fact that the aggregation of over a thousand boys in this one institution affords the few who are really thoroughly depraved among those sent there the opportunity of acting as a criminal leaven, contaminating the whole?

The Deputy Warden of the Penitentiary believes the latter to be the true solution of the problem. He says there are boys sentenced to imprisonment in the Penitentiary but transferred to the Reform school who are skilled and practiced thieves, and that their influence, however silent, among younger boys can not but be felt. This is an evil, he adds, which the state board of Charities has sought with poor success to correct. If this be true, then the entire plan in which the Reform school is based is radically wrong. The boys should be distributed in a number of smaller establishments, located at different points in the state; the older and more hardened should not be allowed to be sent to the same place as the younger boys.

The whole matter is one that should be made the subject of a rigid investigation. If it is inevitable that so great a proportion of the boys cared for by the state but graduate into criminals, then the Reform school is a costly farce, which should be abolished at once. Its only excuse for existence lies in the presumed opportunities there given for training its little inmates to become honest citizens instead of criminals. Why does it fail? Is it the fault of the system, or is it due to incapable and ignorant management? And one other point should be investigated also; do the graduates of the Girls' Industrial school at Delaware, a parallel institution, turn out as badly as the boys at Lancaster?

TWO ROYAL BETROTHALS.

It is announced by cable that Prince ALBERT VICTOR, eldest son of the Prince of WALES, has been betrothed to his cousin, Princess VICTORIA, sister of the Emperor of Germany. The statement is also made that Queen VICTORIA will give the Prince a marriage settlement from her own estate, instead of asking Parliament for assistance. There would not seem to be any good reason for this; if the English people can be asked to vote a stated income to any junior member of the royal family, it certainly is proper and suitable that the second heir to the throne, the young man who is but two removes from the crown of England, should have it.

The Princess LOUISE, a daughter of the Prince of WALES, has also been betrothed to the Earl of FIFE, a Scottish noble, and the representative of the family of that MACBETH of whom SHAKESPEARE wrote. Gossip goes that overtures were made to the Duke of PORTLAND, the richest English nobleman, and by all means the most eligible man, from a matrimonial point of view, in Great Britain; but the quidnuncs say he declined the proffered honor, to the unbounded rage of the Prince of WALES and of Queen VICTORIA. This bit of London tattle gains some credibility from the fact that there is a sudden coolness between the Prince and the Duke.

We Americans are inclined to growl over the salaries we pay to our chosen rulers, but the fact is the Republic pays but a tithe of what monarchial countries give their hereditary rulers, while we are entirely exempt from the burden of the support of the other members of the family, and are thus free from the heavy expense that our English cousins have to shoulder. It is asserted that the nine children of Queen VICTORIA have cost the English people $25,000,000 in dowries. There has always been opposition, but the money has been voted at last. The day will come, even in conservative Great Britain, when the silliness of hereditary rule will be recognized, and the nation become a republic like our own.

FOUR NEW STARS.

As it is provided in the United States statutes that the additional star for a new state shall be placed on the national colors on the 4th of July following the passage of the act of admission by Congress, Secretary TRACY, of the Navy department, has issued an order calling in all the flags now used in the navy, to be replaced July 4 with our national ensigns in which the field will bear 42 stars, arranged in six rows of seven rows each.

This is an unprecedented event. It typifies the admission into the Union of four new states—the two Dakotas, Washington and Montana. Never before in our history have four states been admitted at once, nor is it likely a similar event will ever occur again. The year of the constitutional centenary of the government has witnessed a great many impressive occurrences, and not the least among them is the creation of the quartette of Western commonwealths. It will not be many years before the flag will be completed, so far as our present territories are concerned; and the stars that will thereafter be added must be by the absorption of other countries on this continent—Canada, for instance.

TELL THEM ABOUT IT.

We ask every reader of THE BLADE to tell his neighbors and friends of the announcement of the last literary work of Mr. D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby"), which is given elsewhere, and ask them to subscribe to THE BLADE in order to get it. It will be the only means of obtaining this story.

THE Civil Service commission has recommended to the President a modification of rule 10, so far as it applies to honorably-discharged veterans. The rule provides that a person separated from the civil service for no fault of his own may be reinstated within one year after separation. The politicians have been clamoring to have the one-year limit abrogated altogether, so that all clerks discharged in the early days of the Cleveland administration a few years ago could be rotated back into the service. The Civil Service commission is unanimously opposed to such a sweeping change as this, which would mean a turn over every four years, and Mr. LYMAN filed an emphatic opinion on the subject before his brother commissioners were appointed. They decided, however, after talking the matter over, that the debt the country owes the veterans justified an exception in their case; and we are sure the patriotic men of the nation are with them.

CONCERNING "trusts" and politics, the following paragraph from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* contains certain facts that the voters should not lose sight of:

Wellington R. Burt, the man who is at the head of the salt trust, was the Democratic candidate for governor of Michigan last fall; William L. Scott, the chief of the coal trust, was one of Mr. Cleveland's most active and trusted lieutenants, and Henry B. Payne, a leading Democratic senator, is one of the moguls of the Standard oil trust.

And the *G.-D.* might also have added, with truth and pertinence, that CALVIN S BRICE, the newly chosen chairman of the Democratic national committee, is also a "mogul" of the Standard oil trust and a railway monopolist of the worst class.

READ the announcement of Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S last literary work, "The Demagogue," elsewhere in this issue.

BEGINS JULY 25.

A Distinctively American Novel by a Typical American.

The Crowning Literary Labor of the Late D. R. Locke's Life.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

"The Great American Novel" Here at Last.

The Treat in Store for the Readers of the Toledo Blade.

We are glad to be able to state definitively that Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S story, "The Demagogue," previously announced in these columns, will be begun in the issue of the Weekly BLADE for July 25. The announcement of this, the closing literary work of the lamented "Nasby," has created a genuine sensation in literary circles. We quote a couple of opinions—the first being an extract from the weekly literary letter of Mr. WM. J. BOK, of New York, which is published every Saturday or Sunday in about forty of the leading daily newspapers of the United States:

Nasby's Manuscript Novel.

The manuscript of a completed novel has been unearthed among the papers of the late D. R. Locke, of "Petroleum V. Nasby" fame. The novel had been the work of years with the author. He desired that his reputation should rest upon it, and it was only a short time before his death that he completed the final chapter. The title of the story is "The Demagogue," and its scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, the characters being of the Western rural type. Politics enter largely into the career of the hero, and in the delineation of this principal character of the story Mr. Locke's peculiar powers will doubtless be seen at their best. The novel will be printed serially, beginning next month in THE TOLEDO BLADE, the paper which Mr. Locke owned and made famous by his "Nasby" letters. The manuscript is the only unpublished piece of work by the dead writer in existence.

The second is by Mr. FREDERIC DEAN, in the columns of the New York Sunday *Press* of June 30:

Nasby's Novel, "The Demagogue."

The Toledo BLADE announces the speedy publication in its columns of a story entitled "The Demagogue," by the late D. R. Locke (Nasby). The manuscript is now being read and revised by a friend of Mr. Locke, with whom the latter had often discussed the story. No changes whatever will be made in it, save they should be necessary to preserve the unities of time and place.

"The Demagogue" will be published in the columns of THE BLADE, beginning in July. It is the only unpublished manuscript from D. R. Locke's pen in existence, and it is said that upon it he spent more time and labor than upon anything else that he ever wrote. He desired it to take place the post of honor among American novels, and the publishers hope that it will be awarded that position through its own intrinsic merits. It is strong, true to life and distinctively American.

Look out for it in the Weekly BLADE of July 25.

The title of the story is "The Demagogue," and its scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, opening some forty years ago with the birth of the hero in a miserable log-cabin in that then largely undeveloped region. The story is the life-history of this boy, the son of an ignorant, poor and drunken father and a slatternly mother. Gifted by nature with fine talents, he conquers an education despite the obstacles in his path, as a means to his material advancement. The boy sees, in the community around him, that the men of most influence and of the highest standing among their fellows, are those possessing money, and determines to become wealthy in order to be able to obtain influence. His school career and his apprenticeship in a country printing office, are sketched with that absolute fidelity to the reality which was so characteristic of the famed author's "Nasby" letters. The hero's character, warped by his early life and low station, and its gradual development along selfish lines when he reached manhood's years, is pictured with the faithfulness of a photograph. It is a study from life, drawn by a master-hand.

The hero, in his morbid craving for power and position, is irresistibly attracted toward a political career. He studies law and enters politics, and his ambition becomes centered on reaching the Presidency itself. His methods as a politician give pertinence to the title of the story—"The Demagogue." The political scenes are literally drawn from life, and in more than one case there are men of national reputation who will recognize the events narrated as strictly true, the veil of fiction being drawn only over the names of the participants. The hero's political career begins just before the outbreak of the great civil war, and those who recall the intensity of feeling then existing can realize dimly the magnificent use Mr. LOCKE made of the opportunities it presented for the vivid delineation of such a career.

Every character in the story is a clear-cut, sharply-defined personality. The old backwoods doctor; the kind old farmer who gave the hero his first lift in life, through the childish championship of his golden-haired little daughter; the law clerk who first fathomed the real nature of the hero, and who, for the love of a woman, kept on his track with the pertinacity and deadly purpose of a bloodhound on the trail; the family into which the hero married, in order to better his own fortunes; the unloved wife; are each an individual study, and pass before the reader, not as half-seen, shadowy forms, but as living, breathing entities, whom you are compelled to recognize as being human in every sense of the word. Mr. LOCKE had a very wide experience among men; he was a student of human nature, and he draws their excellencies, their nobler traits, with as kindly and truthful hand as he is pitiless in depicting baseness and hypocrisy and the evil which is blended with the good in humanity.

This story, in depicting the history of the man whose career named it "The Demagogue," and the other characters, though hardly inferior in importance, however, whose lives are involved in that career, comes nearer to being "the great American novel" than any work yet written. The manuscript is now being read and revised by a friend of Mr. LOCKE, with whom the latter had often discussed the story. No changes whatever will be made in it, save they should be necessary to preserve the unities of time and place.

"The Demagogue" will be published in the columns of THE BLADE, beginning in July. It is the only unpublished manuscript from D. R. LOCKE'S pen in existence, and it is safe to say that upon it he spent more time and labor than upon anything else that he ever wrote. He desired it to take the post of honor among American novels, and we have no doubt that it will be awarded that position through its own intrinsic merits. It is strong, true to life

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

Some Extracts from D. R. Locke's New Novel,

To Show "Nasby's" Unrivalled Descriptive Powers.

The Hero's Character Drawn by a Master Hand.

In order to give THE BLADE'S readers a foretaste of Mr. LOCKE'S new story, "The Demagogue," and illustrate the great author's unrivalled powers of character-painting, we quote below a few paragraphs from one of the earlier chapters of "The Demagogue," which, as announced elsewhere, will be begun as a serial in the Weekly BLADE of July 25. The author is speaking of the hero of the story—the demagogue—in his boyhood:

In the depths as he was the whole world, as far as he knew it, was above him. He saw that gold was the passport to power or position, and to that other thing for which his very soul hungered—social recognition; for even in the bucolic community of the country side, he was compelled to give the *pas* to everybody else, and he longed, in his boyish heart, as a thirsty traveller longs for the cooling spring, to reach a point where he would take precedence of somebody else. He wanted to see some one yield the *pas* to him. And, mentally, giving to wealth even greater power than it actually has, as it is, to compass these results, he swore a great oath to himself that he would achieve wealth. And later, when he saw the respect paid to men with handles to their names, such as "'squire" or "judge," he swore another oath, and a greater one, that he would rise in dignity above the 'squire, or even the Judge of the county, and that in time men should take off their hats and bow to the ground when they met him. So deeply was he imbued with this idea, that he startled his father one day before he was 10, by the announcement that if he did not die of cold or starvation too soon, he should one day be President of the United States. The extent of the startle may be appreciated from the fact that it caused the old man to drop a glass of new whisky which he was about putting to his lips—something that those who knew him would never have believed could be accomplished by anything less than an earthquake.

But Caleb did say it, and, young as he was, he meant it. * * *

There was nothing unreasonable in his ambition. He possessed all the requisites necessary for political advancement. Bad as his beginnings were for other ambitions, they were the very best for this, for if there is anything that a democracy hates, it is a man who asks the ruler's place, who was advantageously born and educated in the ordinary way, by the use of money earned by his father. What they want is "self-made" men. And they generally get them, though as a rule they generally wish, before they get through with them, that more skilful hands had been employed in the making.

Caleb could be nothing but a self-made man, for heaven knows he had no help from any other source. His start in life was admirable for the role he proposed to play. His father was a drunkard, his mother was an overworked, crushed slattern, and his brothers were a nappy combination of their father's sottishness and their mother's weakliness. If, finally, he amounted to anything, he would be a diamond on a dung-hill, and shine all the better for the black surroundings. He was, as we have seen, born in a log cabin in the woods, remote from the refining influences of civilization. In his youth the effeminate carpet, the enervating glass tumbler, the man-destroying mattress, and the debauching sofa were unknown to him. He had been rocked to sleep, not in a cradle with springs (as he frequently observed in after-life on the stump), but in a primitive sugar trough which had been hollowed by his father with an ax. He had not fed on cakes and sweet-meats in his adolescence, but the nourishing hominy and the strengthening hog sustained him, and gave him the strength, the manliness, the power, the will, to hew down forests and make civilized the country in which his children should enjoy all that he had been deprived of. (This is a quotation from a speech in his later years.)

It was fortunate that his auditors were a simple-minded people who desired all the civilization and as many of the comforts of life as they could get; for not one of them ever thought to remark that the strength and manliness came from being rocked to sleep in a sugar trough, and living on carpetless floors, in the full glare of curtainless windows, and eating hog and hominy instead of more refined food, he did the race a positive injury by slashing down the trees, and making anything but sugar troughs, bare floors, and hog and hominy possible. He was his own children's worst enemy.

Likewise, (and this was a great point in his favor) he studied Daboll's arithmetic by the light of a pine knot, having previously walked fourteen miles, barefooted, in the snow, to procure the volume. Had he studied Greenleaf, or any other authority in mathematics, it would not have done at all; and it would have been equally fatal to his hopes had he studied Daboll by the light of a candle, or kerosene lamp, or in the school house, or had his father been sufficiently wealthy to have purchased the book. Had any one of these conditions been lacking, he would not have been the self-made man he was, and consequently would not have been entitled to promotion over the heads of his fellows, who were, perhaps, more completely educated for the purpose, but who got their education in another way.

From which it appears that to get the favor of the masses it is not so much how much one knows, as how one got what he does know, and that the best training for a statesman is to be born in a log-cabin, to be lulled to sleep in a sugar trough, to eat hog and hominy, and to study Daboll by the uncertain flicker of a pine knot.

Those familiar with the "Nasby" letters—and what American is not?—will at once recognize the peculiarities that made them so popular. That keen, searching analysis of human motives and actions, that unrivalled power of portraying character in a half-cynical, half-kindly vein, are illustrated above, and show that "The Demagogue" will be worthy of the reputation of its lamented author.

DID YOU EVER

Know a man who hadn't an opinion on every subject?

Know a woman who didn't "wish I was a man, just for a minute?"

Know a politician who was not "in the hands of his friends?"

Know a singer without "a slight cold?"

Know a minister who was not "overworked?"

Know an undertaker who dared to wear a smile?

Know a doctor who had not been "kept up nearly all night with an important case?"

Know a lady who approved the way young girls are being brought up nowadays?

Know a bride who was not "beautiful and charming?"

Know a candidate for office who was not making "personal sacrifices" to take it?

Know a painter who was not going to "paint the picture of my life next year?"

Plant Willows.

The wisdom of planting willows has been justified during the recent floods. The government engineer in charge of the Potomac river improvements state that where willows were planted the land was protected from washing, and practically no damage was done, while in the improved lands not so protected there was great loss.

A Sure Sign.

Parkson—"I'll bet fifty cents that Melville's girl has jilted him!" Richford—"What makes you think so?" Parkson—"Why, he's out under the trees, looking for that pipe he threw away last month."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XIV.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

[Read by Mr. David Barker, of Exeter, Me., at a reception to Capt. Benjamin Hill, of Stetson, on his return home from the war after loosing an arm.]

By the moon's pale light, to this gazing throng.
Let me tell one tale, let me sing one song—
'Tis a tale devoid of an aim or plan,
'Tis a simple song of a one-arm man;
Till this very hour, I could never believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve!

It tells in a silent tone to all of a country's need
And a country's call;
Of a kiss and a tear for a child and wife,
And a hurried march, for a nation's life;
Till this very hour, would you o'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve!

It tells of a battle-field of gore,
Of the sabre's clash, of the cannon's roar,
Of the deadly charge—of the bugle's note,
Of the gurgling sound in a foeman's throat,
Of the whizzing grape—of the fiery shell,
Of a scene which mimics the scenes of hell;
Till this very hour, who could o'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve!

Though it points to a myriad wounds and scars,
Yet it tells that a flag, with the stripes and stars,
In God's own chosen time will take
Each place of the rag with the rattle-snake.
And it points to a time when that flag will wave
O'er a land where there breathes no cowering slave,
To the top of the skies let us all then heave
One proud hurrah for the empty sleeve;
For the one-arm man, and the empty sleeve!

THE BRAVE OLD FLAG.

We are fighting for our Union,
We are fighting for our trust;
We are fighting for that happy land
Where sleeps our fathers' dust.
It can not be dissevered
Though it costs us bloody wars;
We never can give up the land
Where floats the stripes and stars!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah! for equal rights hurrah!
Hurrah for the brave old flag
That bears the stripes and stars!

We treated you as brothers
Until you drew the sword,
With impious hands at Sumter,
Your bolder the silver cord.
So now you hear our bugles,
We come, the sons of Mars,
We rally round the brave old flag
That bears the stripes and stars!

We do not want your cotton,
We care not for your slaves,
But rather than divide this land
We'll fill your Southern graves.
With Lincoln for our chieftain
We'll wear our country's scars,
We'll rally round that brave old flag
That bears the stripes and stars!

We deem our cause most holy,
We know we are in the right;
And twenty millions of brave men
Stand ready for the fight.
Our bride is fair Columbia,
No sullied her beauty mars;
O'er her we'll raise that brave old flag
That bears the stripes and stars!

And when this war is over
We will each reclaim our own,
And treat you still as brothers,
Whereever you may roam.
We'll pledge the hand of friendship
And think no more of wars,
But dwell in peace beneath that flag
That bears the stripes and stars!

VERY TIRED.

The Minister and His Drunken Auditor Have It Out.

The Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsalus, of Chicago, tells of an amusing episode of his first pastorate, which was in a town on Long Island.

"I was full of enthusiasm in those days," he says, "and came nearer to believing myself a great preacher than I ever have since. This Long Island town was considered very ungodly; but with the optimism of youth I believed that my eloquence would soon reduce it to a state of innocuous virtue. Well, the day for my maiden sermon came around, and the church was well filled. I was never more eloquent than I was that day, and before I got half through my sermon I felt quite confident of converting the whole town in short order.

"Just then I saw a tardy brother enter the church and weave uncertainly up the middle aisle. It required no second glance to see that, full as the church was that morning, he was still fuller. I was in hopes that he would quietly drop into one of the seats near the door, but my hopes were in vain. By walking up both sides of the aisle he gradually got to the very front pews, right under the pulpit.

"It then occurred to me that I might prevent an unpleasant scene by addressing a soothing and pleasant remark to my bacchanalian brother. So I said in sympathetic tones: 'I preceive that the brother is sick. Perhaps if we were to allow the sexton to accompany him to the door he would speedily recover in the open air.' I felt like congratulating myself on my diplomacy, but the 'sick' brother seemed to misunderstand my good intentions. Bracing himself uncertainly against a pew, and gazing at me with a look of pained and indignant surprise, he remarked in thick but audible tones: 'It's a wonder to me that thish (hic) bad preachin' doesn't (hic) make 'em all sick.' This unholy repartee made everybody laugh, and when I left the pulpit I had given up all thoughts of converting the town by my eloquent preaching."

TABLE ETIQUETTE FOR CHILDREN.

Here are a few good rules that can be safely followed:

Give the child a seat that shall be strictly its own.

Teach it to take its seat quietly.

To use its napkin properly.

To wait patiently to be served.

To answer promptly.

To say "Thank you."

If asked to leave the table for a forgotten article or for any purpose, to do so at once.

Never to interrupt and never to contradict.

Never to make remarks about the food, such as "I saw that turkey killed, and how he did bleed," as I once heard a little boy remark at a Thanksgiving dinner.

Teach the child to keep his plate in order.

Not to handle the bread or to drop food on the cloth and floor.

To always say "Excuse me, please," to the mother when at home, and to the lady or hostess when visiting, if leaving the table before the rest of the party.

To fold its napkin and put back its chair or push it close to the table before leaving.

After leaving the table not to return.

I know children who observe every one of these rules, and are in no way priggish, but are simply well-behaved, delightful companions, and they owe it all to their mother's careful training from babyhood. —*Good Housekeeping.*

Proper Length of a Man's Legs.

Talking about John Hay, formerly private secretary to President Lincoln, the New York *Graphic* tells this new story of the latter: Stephen A. Douglas, short and stout, and Owen Lovejoy, of medium size were once gossiping together in Lincoln's presence upon the proper length of a man's legs. "Now," said Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think, are a little short. Let's ask Abe what he thinks of it." The conversation had been carried on with a view to Lincoln's overhearing it, and they closed it by saying: "Abe, what do you think about it?" Mr. Lincoln had a far-away look as he sat with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question: "Think of what?" "Well, we're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. We think yours are too long and Douglas's too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the proper length." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given much thought to, so of course I may be mistaken; but my first impression is that a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

Too Much Land.

He—"My dear, I believe I shall sell a lot off our frontage."

She—"Why, Charley! you said when you bought the place you would never sell an inch of that lovely lawn even if we were starving."

He—"My love, at that time I had never had any experience in running a lawn-mower."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Fish in an Engine Tank.

A gar-fish two feet long, was taken from the tank of a Missouri Pacific passenger engine the other day.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

THE Persian, Abou ben Adhem, was in a deep study one morning, when a person—a male person—from the village in the neighborhood came to him, for the purpose of conversation.

"What wouldst thou?" was Abou's remark.

"I would learn something!" was the reply.

"That is to say, you would drop the bucket of your ignorance into the well of my wisdom. Well, be chesm, drop away—what wouldst thou know?"

"Great Abou, is there any way by which we degenerate sons of noble sires can get back to the good old habits, manners and customs of our forefathers? Can we restore the simple habits of the olden time—the good old time?"

"What?"

"Can we not go back a few hundred years, and—"

"Ass!" was Abou's reply. "Oh what a fate is mine! Such men as you to come to me, and, as there is a punishment for killing, I am compelled to convert. Well, I submit.

"You sigh for the good old times, do you? Do you know what those good old times were? Of course you do not. Such men as you never do! You have an idea in your wooden heads that men were simple, honest beings, who went about in doublets, knee-breeches and hose, with silver-buckles on their shoes; that women were ditto—all but the breeches and doublets. You have got the notion that as the world grows older wickedness increases, and that all humanity is tending to a ghastly hell.

"Oh imbecile! Oh ignoramus! Oh unphilosophical reader of bad poetry! Don't you know that human nature was precisely the same five hundred years ago that it is now—that humanity perpetually yearns for something better and higher and nobler, and that precisely as knowledge increases so does goodness? You want to go back to the good old time, do you? What good old times? To the good old times of Moses and Joshua, who had a habit when they made war of slaughtering all the men, women, and children that fell into their hands? No, they reserved the women, but it was no compliment to the morals of these people that they omitted that much of bloodshed. Do you want to go back to the good old times of the old French Kings, say Francis and the earlier Louises, when the people were slaves, permitted black bread only, and not half enough of that, and the nobles were tyrants, wielding supreme power and robed in velvets and silks. Have you a fancy for the good old times in Germany, when the barons, when they came in from hunting, had a cheerful habit of having a peasant killed and his bowels taken out that they might warm their feet in the entrails? Or do you prefer the good old times in England, when King and Count were so shamelessly dissolute that no pretense of virtue was made—when chastity was scoff, and concealment of sin a joke—when London was ruled by common stabbers, when might was right, and safety was only found in cunning and strength? How would you like to trade your steamship for the old high-pooped sail vessels, the railroad for the cumbrous wagon—the macadamized road for the mud, the cooking range for the barbarous fire, our cusine for the fearful cookery, Croton water for miserable wells, gas for torches of lightwood, safety for danger, comfort for non-comfort, civilization for barbarism in—short.

"There wasn't any such thing as humanity in those days, either in theory or practice. If a man got tired of his wife, he simply dissolved the matrimonial tie by cutting her throat; if a woman got tired of her husband, she hinted to her paramour the fact that Sir Henry was a tiresome old muff, and immediately Sir Henry had a rapier run through him.

"How vast the improvement of these later days! Now, the party disgusted simply goes to Indiana or Chicago, and in a perfectly legal manner the Judge dissolves the connection, and the party returns and marries the new object of his or her choice, and everything is as serene as the face of a mill-pond.

"In the good old times of which you are so enamored, if a man got embarrassed, pecuniarily, he mounted his horse and loaded his pistol—they didn't have beautiful revolvers then—and putting an ugly black mask over his face, rode out on the highway and stopped the lumbering old coach, and took purses at the muzzle of the pistol.

"Now, how does such an individual do? Why, he gets a contract from the Government—he starts a life insurance company —or, if he is a great genius, a genuine deposit bank of Rock Island, like Jack Sheppard, he gets into congress and votes as his conscience and interest dictates, or he gets hold of the Erie Railroad, or—but why enumerate? You see the difference, and how much to-day is better than the days three hundred years ago.

"To bring it down a little later, how would you like to go back to the days of the puritan fathers—those estimable old liberals, who fled from England because they were not there permitted to worship according to their notions, and who immediately set up just as intolerant a system in the land to which they fled. It was well enough for the Puritans, but how was it with the Quakers, whom they exiled, after making them harmless in disputations by boring their heretical tongues, with othodox hot irons!

"Or, to go a little further back, how would you like to have the personal combat business restored? That was a detightful practice, wasn't it? A big burly ruffian claimed your farm, or abducted your daughter; then the burly ruffian swore he was innocent, and demanded the trial by combat. He was used to weapons, and his figuting weight was a hundred and eighty-five—you never knew which end of a sword to take hold of, and weighed one hundred and twenty-five. But you had to do it. The first round down you went, and the judges declared him innocent, and you guilty of bringing false accusation. He kept the girl, and your head was chopped off and your property confiscated to the state. In those good old days the state meant the king and his pet mistress. It is true there was a superstition that Providence would protect the right, but as a rule, the burly ruffian in the wrong, made short work of the small man in the right.

"The thumb-screw, the rack, the stake, and all that cheerful paraphernalia belonged to and was the exclusive property of the good old times—the good old times that exiled the bold men who insisted that the world was round and not flat, with other heresies. Do you want them back again? You point at municipal and governmental corruption. I grant it bad enough, but bad as it is it is better to have polite thieves than brutal ones; and it is a high compliment to the times that the people are in possession of property to be taxed. In your good old times the state and church took it all as fast as it was earned.

"The mistake that men of your notions make is, you don't seem to have any idea whatever that other men know anything or have any sense. Because a woman likes carpets on a floor better than rushes, is she less virtuous? Can't a man be as good clad in decent broadcloth as in odorous sheep skin? Is dirt akin to godliness, or does filth tend to enlarge the moral muscles? Could a man with a back-breaking sickle sing praises to the God of nature any more melodiously than he can now mounted on a comfortable reaper? Nay, my friend, on a reaper a man might thank heaven he lived—with a sickle, I question whether he would feel that thankfulness.

"The more men know, the greater the inducement they have to virtuous life. In the barbarous age, before law was invented, if a man wanted a piece of land which another man claimed, the claimants met with stone hatchets. Both kept the land—one of them on the surface and the other some three feet beneath—with a hole in his head. As civilization progressed the hatchet went out and law came in, and the more civilization we have the less hatchet we have. We have wars now, it is true, but it is because, and only because, we are not yet fully civilized. We have thieves and robbers now, but it is because there lurks yet in the human system a taint of the good old times. Civilization has not yet fully physiced humanity, and the traces of barbarism remain. Napoleon was a varnished barbarian, Kaiser Wilhelm is a Barbarossa with veneering on. Then down in Delaware the whipping-post is a mile-stone in the path of the progress of the other states; useful merely to make the better people of other localities congratulate themselves on what they surmounted.

"'Good old Times,' forsooth! Go to, wretched man. To-day is the best day the world ever saw—to-morrow will be better, and it's to-morrow better still. In five or ten thousand years this world will be a tolerable decent place to live in. Do you know why men exposed their lives so recklessly in battle in your 'good old times?' Bravery? you say. Bosh! It was because there was nothing under heaven to live for; precisely as I, feeling that I must die sometime, came to New Jersey that I might leave this world without a pang of regret. It was a cowardly willingness to get out of the world, because there could be nothing worse.

"But leave me now. Instead of mourning for a miserable past, tackle the splendid present and try to do something for a still more splendid future. Do something for the world you live in. Do something for the race you belong to. After hearing you talk, I might properly suggest that the best thing you could do for humanity would be to drown yourself; but I forbear. I am not in a sarcastic mood this morning. Go to, I am weary—leave me."

And the sage went into his tent, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

CHILD MARRIAGES IN INDIA.

Girls of Eight Years Sold to Notoriously Tyranical Men of Fifty.

Lord Cross, secretary of state for India, has just formulated a reply to Ragunatha Rao respecting child marriages in India, which in effect states that, notwithstanding there is a distinct growth of public feeling in India against the system of child marriage, it is not yet strong enough to enable the British government to take any legislative action. The peculiarity of the problem lies in the fact that the custom is a custom only, and has no justification in the sacred books of Hindoostan. There is no reason to suppose that in Vedic India girls were married, as they now are, almost in the cradle. How the change has come about is a matter of archæological interest, and probably such nominal unions served a useful purpose once.

Ragunatha Rao, who is a distinguished Hindoo, recently called upon the British government to put down the system, as it has put down slavery and other evils. He says: "British blood and money may have flowed like water in efforts to stamp out slavery in other countries, yet in India the British government sits by with folded hands while a father is permitted with impunity to sell in marriage an infant daughter of 8 years to a man of 47, already rendered notorious by his marital tyranny. The child-wife is then separated from the companionship of her own sex, and is so persecuted and terrorized that child as she is, she is driven to attempt suicide rather than continue to submit herself any longer to the capricious tyranny and odious intimacy of her so-called husband. And yet the British magistrate is compelled to state in open court that he has no power to restrain revolting oppression of this character, as it is justified by law."

This protest is made apropos of the recent charge against Holkar's son-in-law. The case of Rukmabai, who is now in England, shows another phase of the same evil. It has been pointed out to Rao that there is no reason to despair of a change in the Indian customs, for in Great Britain two centuries ago, the age at which children were married would now be regarded as a scandal. Mary, sovereign of Buccleuch, married at the age of 11. The affair caused a commotion, and the young lady was placed under the charge of Gen. Monk and his wife until the Commissary court passed judgment, which they did by nullifying the marriage on the ground that the Scotch law fixed the marriageable age at 12 for girls and 15 for boys.

Several even stranger instances of child marriage in Lancashire and Cheshire are cited. The daughter of that grave and reverend prelate, Bishop Chatterton, was so young when married that at the ceremony she had to be held up at the altar. The remembrance that such an incident was possible in "Good Queen Bess's golden days" may make Rao hope that forces now at work will before long put an end to child-marriage in India, and to all the cruelty which the system involves.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

A Far More Laborious Process Than in Great Britain.

The question is often asked, Why cannot the United States census be taken in one day, as is done in England and many continental countries? The reasons are obvious, on reflection, says the *North American Review*. In the first place, England, which we will take for an example, is a compact nation, all the functions of government being concentrated at the national capital. The constabulary is national, and the census is taken through it. The skeleton of the body of enumerators always exists. The enlargement occurs through the appointment of temporary constables, working with the permanent constabulary force. This gives England—and like conditions exist in other countries—a force always in existence, or easily brought into existence, for census purposes. Each constable is supplied with a proper quantity of blanks for a very small district. These he distributes one day and collects the next. They are to be filled out by the head of the household, and are to contain the names and facts relating to each person living under the roof at midnight.

The United States government has no force which can be enlarged to a proper extent for a one-day census. This fact alone would prevent our government from following the methods adopted in Europe. But there is another reason which would entirely prevent the adoption of the European method. The schedule for the English and continental censuses is a very small affair, comprehending but few inquiries relating to the name, relation to head of family, condition (whether single, married, etc.), sex, age at the last birthday, the profession or occupation, place of birth, and whether deaf, dumb, or blind. This constitutes the whole English census. The United States census comprehends, as we have seen, a very great number of inquiries relating to numerous topics.

THE BIBLE.

The best standard of our language.—*Bishop Loweth.*

The English language acquired new dignity by it.—*Dr. J. White.*

Its purity and excellence of language.—*G. Washington Moon.*

It is held to be the perfection of our English language.—*Hallam.*

Accord the highest significance to these books of literature.—*Noah Porter.*

In no book is there so good English, so pure, and so elegant.—*Fisher Ames.*

The first classic of our literature, the highest examplar of purity and beauty of language existing in speech.—*George P. Marsh.*

The English Bible is, after the lapse of 200 years, the standard of the purity and excellence of the English language.—*Adam Clark.*

What an age of earnest faith has recorded isself in the simple, pregnant, rhythmical English of the collects of the Bible.—*George Eliot.*

Our English Bible sustains an intimate relation to English literature as a stimulator of thought as well as a standard of pure English.—*Condit.*

No continental translation has occupied an equally influential position in the philology and literature of the language to which it belongs.—*George P. Marsh.*

The constant hearing and reading of the Bible and the liturgy clothes the thought not only in the most natural but in the most beautiful form of language.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

If it were not for the Bible and common prayer book in the vulgar tongue, we could hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us 100 years ago.—*Swift.*

The koran has not been a more acknowledged classic among the Arabs, nor Luther's Bible among the Germans, than has the English Bible been in English literature.—*Dr. William Adams.*

The Anglo-Saxon, the substratum of our modern English, emphatically monosyllabic. * * * The English Bible abounds in grand, sublime, and tender passages, couched entirely in words of one syllable. —*William Matthews.*

Lacked Originality.

"I can't understand, Caroline, why you should allow Mr. B. to pay attention to you and then refuse him. What does it mean?" "Why, you see, I must have a man of real original genius; and all he said was: 'I love nothing but you in the whole world.' I certainly have heard that expression somewhere before."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

An Easy Error.

The mother was trying to teach her child about some of our great men, and told the story of Luther, the greatest reformer.

"Why," said the little boy, "how you do mix things. You told me yesterday Booth was the greatest performer."

MAIL SENT BY ELECTRICITY.

Can They be Carried from Here to Boston in Sixty Minutes?

Within a twelvemonth from the present date, says the Boston *Herald*, mails will be carried from Boston to New York city in 60 minutes. So say the capitalists who are making arrangements for the establishment of a transport line on the so-called "port-electric system" for the conveyance of letters and packages between the metropolis and the modern Athens. Even the least sanguine backers of the enterprise are confident that if the expected public support is given to the scheme not more than two years will be required at most for the establishment of the necessary plant in running order to bring the two centres of population within an hour's distance by post.

The said plant will resemble, as to its most essential part, a little elevated railway supported on a single line of tall iron uprights, and stretched from the postoffice here to that on the Island of Manhattan. Along the track on top runs a small car laden with mail freight, which at certain intervals during its transit is seen to go under queer-looking box-shaped arches. These box-like arrangements contain each one a coil of wire, passing beneath the rail below and around over the arch, so that the moving mail carriage runs, as it were, through a succession of coiled wire hoops. And these latter communicate the motive power to the vehicle.

The speed to be attained by the carin this manner is incalculable. As is recognized in mechanics, a constant repelling force is productive of nearly infinite velocity, obstructed only by the resistance of friction. In this system the only friction comes from the air and the slight contact of the car with the rails. Two hundred and fifty miles an hour is not thought to be an over-estimate of the speed easily to be compassed by the port-electric despatch. At the starting point the wire coils will have to be close together, and on upgrades, but elsewhere, and especially on down-grades, they may be few and far between, the motive power needed being slight. Six stations, placed at intervals between here and New York, will supply the requisite currents from dynamos.

Many experts think that the system is destined to revolutionize the postal service in this country. For instance, it is expected that instead of mail hours apart between Boston and New York carriages will be sent over the tracks from either end of the line at five minute intervals, thus rendering unnecessary the waiting for mails to close and giving people in one city an opportunity to read their letters two hours after they are written in the other.

Once prove the notion a success here and it will be quickly adopted everywhere. But applying it on a larger scale, too, who knows that it may not serve for the transportation of passengers some day? At the rate of 250 miles an hour one could put a girdle around the earth in four days. Truly, it is a wonderful century we live in.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Same Here in Toledo.

In the battle of the boots the French seems to be losing its grip, and the commonsense shoe now vaunteth itself, says *Shoe and Leather Facts*. The heels have have come down and the soles have spread out. Observation on Broadway on a windy day will display two common-sense shoes to one French heel, whereas a medium style or compromise between the two extremes adorns the feet of the great majority. On Fifth avenue and from Thirty-third street to Fiftieth, where the flaunters of wealth and luxury most appear, the extreme type of common-sense shoe "takes the sidewalk" by a large majority.

Gen. Sherman is authority for the statement that the eleventh commandment is to mind your own business.

Her many American friends will be interested in learning that the Countess de Casa Miranda intends spending the summer in London. Perhaps the interest will be intensified when one remembers that the Countess de Casa Miranda, is none other than our old friend Christine Nilsson.

Trust a Michigan man for betting on a dead sure thing. A citizen of Jackson has invented a coffin lid fastener, and is willing to bet that nobody can unfasten it from the inside.

America First.

The Indianapolis *News* hits the nail square on the head when it says that "Not Cronin's murderers, merely, are on trial; the Clan-na-Gael is on trial. It has got to demonstrate its right to exist. It has got to go free from this case without even the smell of fire on its garments or it has got to 'go.' There is no room in this country for any society or organization, religious or political or what-not, that counts allegiance to it first before allegiance to America."

A Pennsylvania editor has discovered—several centuries late—that everything in nature is playful. He says: "The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the trees shoot and the river streams run."

The New York *Herald* suggests that it may be a mere coincidence, but it is any way a fact, that one of the largest milk companies in the east owns the largest artesian flowing well in its state.

There's No Use Dodging It.

Buffalo Express.

A Holyoke woman got frightened by an approaching thunder storm and went over to a neighbor's for company. She was hardly seated before she was struck dead by lightning. Moral: If the lightning wants you it will find you where ever you may hide. If it doesn't want you, you couldn't get struck if you tried.

Grady Says the War is Not Over.

Atlanta Constitution.

All the past lives in the present. Cæsar and Pompey are contending still, Anthony yields as of old to seductive charms, and the asp has not ended the glorious sorceress of the Nile; Roman and Vandal, Celt and Saxon and the unnumbered hosts of the Saracen are contending still. The Norseman sails on England's ships, and the boisterous buccaneer still rules the wave. The sinews of the Aryan are in our arms and his passions beat wildly in the Saxon's breast. Everywhere in the complex present are the contending influences of the past.

There is a new and important change in the mode of a lady's carrying her parasol when she is driving. The hand which holds it has the index finger pointed upward on the stick. Any variation of this rule admits the possibility that she does not belong to the original "four hundred."

A Discouraging Precedent, to Be Sure.

Boston Journal.

The rumor that Germany proposes to step in and annex Hayti is grossly improbable on the face of it. That little affair over Samoa has taught Bismarck that there are some tremendous drawbacks to the annexation business.

The Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph* rises to remark that "Joseph Benson Foraker still possesses the faculty of arriving with both pedal extremities."

Only Popgun Patriots.

Albany Express.

The men who are attacking Corporal Jim Tanner so venomously include those who shot at the Union from the front or attempted to stab it from behind, and latter-day Democrats, who would probably have taken the first steamer for Europe had they been on the scene of action when Sumter was fired on.

Not Men But Measures.

Newark American.

It is not a question of personal likes or dislikes we are to settle, but one of public weal or woe for our state and for the Republican party throughout the nation. On the results this fall in Ohio depend the election of a United States Senator, the redistricting of the state after the census of next year, and through this the saving of the Republican majority in the next Congress, and it becomes every true Republican patriot to be on guard and at work from now until a victory is assured in November.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, in his recent address to the law graduates, put a plain case politely when he said: "The gifts of men are infinite in character and degree, but the rarest is the faculty for hard work."

Talking of "hyphenated nomenclatures of citizenship," the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* believes that the time has come when they should be abolished. It says: "The phrases Irish-American, German-American, Swedish-American, and the like of them, should be heard no more. A man is either a citizen or an alien. If a citizen he owes supreme and absolute allegiance to the law and constitution of this country; if an alien, he must comply with them while resident here, or be punished for breach of them."

The Three Oldest Senators.

Portland, Me., Argus.

The death of ex-Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, will leave James W. Bradbury, of Maine; Alpheus Felch, of Michigan; and Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as the oldest ex-United States senators now living, all three of whom entered the Senate in December, 1847.

He Gets Free Beer.

Prince Bismarck's salary as chancellor of the German empire is only about $13,000 a year. He is also entitled to occupy an official residence free of rent, though, and a great many brewers send him free beer.

A Cheerful Old Savage.

Boston Traveller.

That cheerful old savage, Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, recently had his minister of public instruction laid face downward across a log in the palace yard and flogged with birch rods, some 50 strokes. Then he sent him to jail for a year. He had caught him tampering with some state archives.

An American Girl, of Course.

At the dinner party given in honor of the Emperor and Empress of Germany by the Count and Countess von Waldersee, the countess performed with distinguishing grace the difficult feat of walking backward before her imperial guests up the whole length of a high staircase, managing her train with truly aristocratic dexterity. The countess, who was formerly Miss Mary Lee of New York, is said to be one of the most elegant women in European court society.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is correct in its ideas about Ohio politics. Hear it: "There is a man in Clay county, Mo., who can hold his breath of three minutes. The Ohio Democrats ought to engage him to express their feelings when they hear of Foraker's big majority."

Let Him Alone.

New York Herald, Dem.

Some of our exchanges are making a terrible hullabaloo over President's Harrison's weekly excursions on salt water.

He does a hard week's work, then on Saturday afternoon steps on board a steamer, takes a refreshing sail, hoists a quantity of ozone into his lungs and returns on Monday morning to his duties.

Of course in this frightfully hot weather, when news is scarce and there is very little to talk about, it is natural to cackle unduly over one poor little egg. But it strikes us that the President should have the same liberty of conscience which that immortal instrument, the constitution, guarantees to the humblest citizen.

If Mr. Harrison has a longing to get away from the dust, the mosquitoes, the malaria and the politicians, he deserves our sympathy. If he can find refreshment and a cooling breeze anywhere, he should have our congratulations.

Pushing Out the Men.

Albany Journal.

Members of the female sex are pushing into journalistic work in New York almost as rapidly as they recently seized typewriting and stenography. Every paper in New York now has a number of regular female writers, and the female contributors of special articles are becoming legion. Some of them write, too, with almost masculine virility.

Shoes and Shirts for Comfort.

Yellow shoes and flannel shirts? Why not? Every man who is not a hypocrite must confess to yearnings after these articles of comfort.

Let us have a campaign of common sense in wearing apparel.

Hurrah for the dirtiest shoe and the wittiest shirt!—*N. Y. Herald.*

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.

The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with the BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with the BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few more copies of the above engraving on hand. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

SCHOOLDAYS ARE NOW ENDED.

What Life Should Mean to the Young Men and Maidens—In Readiness to Enter the World as Active Workmen.

IF this season of the year, from every school house all over the broad land, boys and girls, grown now into men and women, albeit only upon the threshold of mature life, are coming forth crowned with the laurels of a finished school career, looking with eager eyes into the vista of the future, wondering what they are to find there as they travel onward, hopeful, expectant, doubting and fearing little, and happily oblivious to the hard struggle which must inevitably be the lot of the great majority. They are glad or sorry for this ending of their student days in proportion as they have enjoyed or disliked the tasks they were obliged to do in order to reach their Commencement Day. Even they who have found the path of learning a pleasant one, who have a warm regard for their companions in study, who love and honor those who have guided them along the highway of knowledge, yet, in the midst of regret, feel a bounding of the heart as they realize that this is the last of their school days, for before them stretches a whole world to conquer, and the red blood is dancing through their veins and the strength of a Hercules seems theirs to meet and overcome all difficulties that may lie in their way.

JOYFULLY LOOKING FORWARD.

It is a pleasant sight, these fair young faces as yet unlined by anxious thought, undimmed by care, unseamed by passion. We who know what the passing years bring, look upon them with the same sense of pleasure as the bright flowers untouched by frost bring, knowing full well that this free, fearless, gladsome spirit will be bound and fettered, as the years go, by the widened responsibilities that must be assumed. It is a good thing that this cannot be realized at once, that there is only a gradual awakening to the real meaning of life.

Real meaning, did I say? How few, how very few, even of those who are standing close by the line where begins the beyond, know that! How few are making the most of the days as they pass, living aright in the Now, rising into the higher conceptions of the truth that makes the fleeting years beautiful! To most, when the bright visions of youth have gone, when they have found that material pleasures alone have failed to bring lasting happiness, when they have discovered that the fairest rose has its thorns, a weariness comes and life is pronounced a failure. It should not be so. Rather as the years go on, it should be broader, fuller, more complete, because its nature is better understood.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

Could I but speak to this great throng of young men and maidens about to enter upon the real business of existence, I should question them somewhat after this fashion:

What are you going to do with this life of yours which you are now to direct for good or ill? You of the sturdy frame and keen, bright eye, with the ruddy hue of early manhood upon cheek and lip, what are your hopes, desires, ambitions? Do they all center upon self, upon your own aggrandizement, upon the piling up of gold, the building of fine houses, the mounting to high places, or is there some thought of the claim that struggling humanity has upon you, which colors the outlook into the future, shapes your efforts, and enters into the groundwork of all your schemes of labor? Is your ideal-life modelled upon self-indulgence, or does success mean for you the carrying out of the principles of a universal brotherhood in so far as you can reach its possibility? Do you dream of a pure, honorable, industrious life, your motives of action open to scrutiny, true to every obligation you may assume, or does the ending of school life, the termination of dependence upon parents and the assumption of independence, open to you the prospect of unlimited indulgence in selfish enjoyments; the carving out of a brilliant future without reference to the tools you use; the advancement of personal aims, with no care for the rights of others, beyond legal accountability? These are not idle questions, trifling in their purport, and mattering nothing as to how they are answered, but the answer to yourself is far more important than any you might make to another.

And you, fair maiden, with sunlit eyes, graceful mien and agile tread, what does the future mean to you as you turn your gaze onward? Do you dream of one long summer's day, with azure skies, singing birds, blossoming flowers, a pathway strewn with all that is bright and beautiful, care-free and happy always? Do you see aught beside gaiety, fashion, self indulgence? Have you any ideal of life that includes the constant growing into something higher and better, and the helping of others to grow likewise? Is your vision bounded by what money will purchase, by the style of a bonnet, the fashion of a garment? Are you ready to do with all the might that is within you the duties that come to your hand in your home, or to those outside of it who may make a claim upon you? What are you going to do with these new responsibilities that have come to you with the ending of your school days? Think well, and then answer to your own consciousness.

In reality life will mean as much or as little to you all, as you use its opportunities. It will mean success in its highest sense, as you comprehend its infinite possibilities and strive to make them realities. It will mean happiness to you just in proportion as you cast out fear and doubt from your every day living, as you refuse to dwell upon disappointments and pain, and persistently turn to the good and the beautiful which are always waiting recognition. It will be satisfying as you discern the beauty of unselfishness, and order your activities in accordance with this perception.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!" sang the poet, yet he did not mean that it was all work and strife, toil and struggle, that all joy and happiness were only to be hoped for in an uncertain future, and never in the present. He would have us be "up and doing" "with a heart for any fate," in the sense of seizing all the grand possibilities which the present holds within its grasp, doubting nought, fearing nothing, but full of the joy that each day will bring to us, know we how to grasp and make it our own. And we can only do this by living outside of self, with our hearts beating in unison with the great heart of humanity. EMILY S. BOUTON.

To the members of the HOUSEHOLD—July 25, we will begin, as is stated elsewhere, a story, "The Demagogue," which was the last literary work of Mr. D. R. Locke, so well known to you as "Nasby." In order that it may be widely read, as it should be, it is hoped that each member of the HOUSEHOLD will make it a matter of personal interest to send to us as many names of persons who do not take THE BLADE as possible, in order that specimen copies containing the announcement of the story may be sent for their perusal.—ED.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

FOR the information of those who desire to know what is the prevailing color for decorations, the editor of THE HOUSEHOLD will say that the different shades of green seem to be the favorite.

UNBLEACHED COTTON.—This fabric is very desirable in making fancy articles that are to be useful as well as ornamental. Take a half yard square of the unbleached muslin; about an inch from the edge draw out the threads, make a space of about two inches; hemstitch this with French embroidery cotton, the color preferred; applique on the corners a leaf and blossom cut from cretonne cloth; around the edge place a row of lace or knotted fringe. Covers for tables or bureaus made of these goods are extremely pretty. Mosquito net, when prettily decorated, forms novel and handsome table covers for bedroom use. The pattern is darned in the net with crewel or embroidery silk. The former is preferred by many ladies.—DE VERE FERO.

LAWN ORNAMENTATION.—The goddess Flora in June pours her wealth of blossoms lavishly over the woods and fields, and wherever wild flowers flourish in this climate the hedges are brilliant with blooming shrubs. The placing of original and ornamental designs on lawns is now engrossing much thought with those who take pride in beautifying their grounds. Ideas for hanging baskets and arbor and tree drapery will be as soon as it is safe to risk growth outside. One of the most delightful designs for a lawn that I ever saw is a canoe. Any well-shaped boat, of suitable size, placed on a lawn, neatly painted, and planted full of brilliant flowering growth is charmingly graceful. The more old logs or trunks that can be placed about with Virginia creepers, clematis and passion vines, the prettier, and are convenient for tubs, boxes or baskets for plants. Nothing is more ornamental than these trunks or logs to place each side of a piazza.—DE VERE FERO.

PRETTY AND INEXPENSIVE MATS.—Get white sheet wadding and ½ oz. of zephyr, every shade desired. Say for a mat 12 inches in diameter, cut a piece 8 or 10 ins. in diameter. Then cut 16 pieces 6 ins. in diameter, and work around with the zephyr in button hole stitch. Fold twice, and fasten the center of each to the edge of the large piece, so they will all stand up as a ruffle. These mats are very pretty, and of any size or shape. I have seen very pretty ones made by sewing on silver tinsel in place of the zephyr. —MYRTLE.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; n, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st, broomstick stitch; sli st, slip stitch; n a st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

ROSE LEAF LACE.—Cast on 28 stitches. 1st row—k 3—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 4—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—k 1. 2d row—4th and other even rows are seamed or purled. 3d row—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—k 1. 5th row—k 1—o—k 3—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o—k 1. 7th row—k 6—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n. 9th row—k 5—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n. 11th row—k 4—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 2—n—k 1—k 2—o—n—o—n. The above is the original pattern of rose leaf lace, but I think it improves it to cast on 34 stitches and at the beginning of every odd numbered row to knit as follows:—k 2—o—n—o—n, and then go on with the pattern as directed in each row; it makes a pretty heading and adds to the beauty of the lace. This pattern has to be knit over at least three times before one can see what it looks like.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW TO COVER PARASOLS.—I have received so many useful hints from THE HOUSEHOLD, that I feel it my duty to add my mite; and I will begin by telling the sisters how to make a new umbrella of an old one. In these days of costly parasols and sun-umbrellas, the majority of ladies have stowed away some place one or more of these sunshades, having, probably, some rich or expensive handles, whose days of usefulness are over because of soiled or worn covers.

Why not re-cover them?

Nothing is more simple, and it can be done at a comparatively small cost.

1st—Measure the umbrella in order to form a correct estimate of the amount of material needed. To ascertain this, measure the largest part, taking half the length thus obtained, with the length of one of the sections added (to allow for seams), for the necessary amount. For instance, if your parasol measures three yards around, the material needed will be half that quantity, or one yard and a half, adding one length of one section—all, probably, about one yard and three-quarters. Now measure through the center of one the sections—that is, from top to bottom—and the number of inches indicated by the measure will designate the required width of the material.

Detach the cover from the frame and rip the sections apart, being very careful not to stretch or draw them out of shape. Select the widest one in best condition as a pattern and cut from the material as many pieces as the old cover contained. These pieces must be laid horizontally upon the goods and alternated from side to side, in order to economize the goods. A narrow hem must then be laid along the selvedge edge before they are basted together. Sew the seams up on the right side as narrowly as possible—merely a seant holding is all that is necessary. Turn on the wrong side and baste closely and evenly; then stitch again, allowing nearly a quarter-inch seam. When all are finished, thread a large needle with strong cotton, pass it through each seam a seam's breadth from the top, and draw tightly. Cut a circle of silk or muslin about six inches in diameter, perforate the center, and place on the upper part of the frame. With the cover still wrong side out, insert the stick through the small opening, and drawing the seams in. Run around it, wind the cotton thread two or three times around the small groove found at the top of every parasol, and tie securely. Turn the cover on the right side and fasten the seam to the ends of the wires by attaching to the small holes. Each seam should also be sewed to the ribs in two other places to prevent slipping.

Try it and you will feel as if you had a new umbrella with the additional satisfaction of having made it "all yourself."

May I come again, Miss Bouton?—RARA AVIS.

[You will be very welcome.—ED.]

TO GROW PANSIES.—As I have been asked several hundred times during the past few weeks "how to grow pansies," I will give my method of raising them. Many complain that they can not raise them, but if the seed is good, and they are sown at the proper time, and given a little care, I do not know of any reason why any one should fail. First get good seeds, but don't expect to find them for sale at the stores, for 90 per cent of the seeds for sale at stores are old and worthless. The east side of a building is a good place for the pansy bed. Spade up the soil, then spread on compost from the hen house, and mix with the soil with a hoe, then rake smooth, and it is ready for the seed, which should be sown in rows six inches apart, and when the plants are up large enough to transplant, those that are the thickest, giving each plant plenty of room to grow in. My plants are all six inches apart each way; set the pansy bed made just as early as possible, so as to have them in bloom early, and grow fast while the rainy season lasts. To have good flowers, the plants must be vigorous, and make a rapid growth. The sowing of pansies too late is often the cause of failure, in fact that is often the reason many fail with hardy annuals. I always have the beds prepared just as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and sow such hardy varieties as Sweet Peas, Phlox, Pansies, Petunias, Candytuft, Larkspurs, Sweet Alyssum, Mignonette and many others. Our soil is sand, with clay six inches below it. In clay soil the beds cannot be made quite so early.

Several ladies have written me that they think the reason they have failed is owing to the soil being sandy, but I have tried both sandy and clay soil, and much prefer the sandy soil. In southern states where the summers are so warm and long pansies should be sown in a bed on the north side of some building where they will be shaded; give plenty of water and have the soil rich. Last summer I sowed my phlox and pansies together, and found it worked well, as the phlox shaded the pansies from the sun, and they were splendid all summer. They were sown in rows six inches apart, every other row pansies.

If a nice vine is wanted try the colea scandens. It will grow in the open ground in summer, or can be made a window plant of. It can be raised from the seed, and is a very rapid grower. My vine is not yet a year old, but is over 30 feet long, and has been in bloom since last August. Its bell-shaped flowers, as large as teacups, green at first, turning to a rich reddish purple, are admired by all who see it. The seeds are hard to start unless treated just right. Fill a small box with rich garden soil, set where it will become warm, then stick the seeds into the soil edgewise, keep warm and do not water, unless the soil is very dry, then only a little, as water rots the seeds. As soon as the plants are up they may be given water and set in a warm, sunny window until time to transplant to pots or open ground.

When plants are not doing well, look in the soil for little white worms, or angle worms. They live on the roots, and will soon kill them. After trying lime water, soot water, and many other things to kill the worms, and more often killing the plants, I sent to a florist for some fertilizer to stimulate my plants into bloom, and found when I applied it that it not only made the plants grow nicely, but also killed the worms. I believe it is the only thing that will kill the worms and not injure the plants. "Motherless Girl," try Achillea for your mother's grave. It never winter kills, has long, double white flowers in bloom from June until September.—FRANCES B., West Branch, Mich., box 126.

MORE ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Having just read Cuckoo's advice, which is very good, I want to add a few items. I know that when you read this you will say "it does not hit me," but it will be just as well to be sure that it does not. In the country the young men are very apt to use highly scented hair oils, and inferior perfumery, and to a well bred lady they are both very offensive. Instead of oils use your hair-brush freely, and keep your hair will become glossy, and lay smoothly, without being plastered down with oils or pomades. If perfumery is used, get some delicate odor, such as white rose or wild violet. In using perfume, only use enough to give a delicate scent. Many ladies will have sick headache from inhaling strong perfumes.

Another thing I wish to mention, which is, however, a very delicate subject. The fact is a great many persons perspire freely and are very offensive unless bathed daily. Where the feet are this way, bathe them freely in hot alum water once a week and with soap and water each night before retiring, and change the socks daily. I think that of all disgusting odors the above is the worst, yet I have met more than one society young man who would have done well to have bathed his feet oftener. Another thing I wish to call attention to is the care of the teeth. They should be brushed after every meal, before retiring, and the first thing in the morning. A soft brush and a little white soap is all that is required. One seldom knows when their breath is offensive, and their friends are a little delicate about telling them of it. If you use tobacco (which I hope you do not), unless you use the utmost care, your mouth will not present a very desirable appearance. In blacking your shoes be sure to black the heels. Have plenty of white linen handkerchiefs, so as to be able to always carry an extra clean one.

With a few words about jewelry I will close. If you can afford a watch carry one, and if it is a cheap one, have a showy one that will attract little attention as possible. In any case do not sport a showy, charm-laden chain. Do not wear gaudy cheap rings. One plain band ring is more tasty than a large cheap seal. The same can be said of scarf pin. Do not wear loud, showy ties (unless you are a rowdy, and if you are, please reform.) Be dignified and manly, and above all, my young friend, be pure in your daily life and respect all women. I once saw a young gentleman lift his hat and assist a fallen woman to gather up some packages she had dropped in the street. A friend said to him, "John, your kindness was thrown away upon her, you had better given her a kick." He flashed a look of anger upon the speaker, and replied, "I have a mother, and respect all women kind for her sake." Ah! but that was a true gentleman, and I would there were more like him.

"One who loves children," I would like to shake hands with you. Your ideas are right about governing children. Poor little things they are not appreciated, nor are their feelings respected as much as they should be. We are all prone to be hasty at times. One little experience of my own brings tears to my eyes every time I recall it. My little two-year-old had a favorite toy, and I had told him not to put it upon the stairs. I was hurrying down the stairs without looking, and trod upon it, breaking it into pieces. Not feeling well and being in a hurry, instead of trying to console the little one for the loss of its toy, I punished him for his carelessness in leaving it where he did. I can yet hear his "Mamma, mamma, it's all boke to pieces," and it will always come into my mind when tempted to punish him for like offenses. Dear little souls, they need so much sympathy in their little trials. Trifles to us they may seem, but they are as hard for them to bear as our greatest ones are for us. Mothers, try to govern with kindness if possible. If they are inclined to be naughty, tell them a story, or put them to doing something.—MONTANA MAY.

HELPING MOTHER.—Girls, I want to say just one word to you about helping your mothers. Do you ever stop to think you will not have her always? How many times do you come in from school on an afternoon with some friend, sit down, take up a book or some fancy work and mother "gets supper." Perhaps she has been working hard all day and is very tired. It may be entire thoughtlessness on your part not to help her, but my advice is, "put on your thinking caps."

My mother was what is called an old fashioned woman. From childhood I had some little household duty. When a very small child I can remember that as soon as I saw her getting the broom to sweep I must have the dust pan ready to hold, then later I was called upon to do the dusting every morning, and many little things to save her steps and time. Then when my school days came, every morning I was expected to sweep and put things in order in the sitting room.

This, dear girls, was not much, but it taught me, that being an inmate of a home I was expected to contribute some help to its keeping, and years afterwards when that mother was afflicted so it was impossible for her to see to the household duties, I was able with her advice to do much of the housekeeping.

How many girls have had their mother taken from them, or afflicted, so, on them depended the management of the home? Many I know from experience, and if you would only accustome yourself to little services it would not seem so hard.

Don't get the idea that house work and home duties are beneath you. No young lady is so much admired as the one who by her help, patience and cheerfulness lightens the mother's burden. Do you ever stop to think how many steps she has taken for you in your days of infancy, how she realized you every want, how many nights she has been broken of her rest, and do you ever think that your negligence in helping her may make her prematurely old?

Finally I ask you to try every day to see if there is not some thing you can do, some little thing, and each day do more. **

INQUIRIES.

Orvil McCoy, Hume, Ill., is very anxious to get a piece of poetry that appeared in the YOUNG FOLKS a year or two ago, entitled "Us Boys." Can any one send it to him?

Will some one tell me how to make a pretty letter case?—IDA E. C., Wheeling, W. Va.

Will some one explain how to do the "hem stitch" as handkerchiefs are hemmed? —A READER.

Will some one tell me how to clean undressed kid gloves and how to make rose perfumery; also, where I can obtain a few patterns to be worked on checked goods? —EVA.

I have 50 pounds of the best magazines, story papers, etc., sent to me as sample copies. If the readers of THE BLADE will send postage I will send as many as the postage will be sufficient for.—JAMES C. WILSON, Middletown, Del., Box 16.

Will "Mollie" send directions for spider-web tidy?—MRS. BELL.

I would like to ask if any of you know what to do to rid our barn of chicken lice. —A GREENY.

Can you tell me what ails my chickens? They get lame in one leg and keep pining away until they die. What can I do for lice? I have tried grease, but it will not kill them.

Can any one tell me what will destroy ground moles?—QUESTIONER.

Will some one please tell me where I can sell pressed ferns and fern roots? The pressed ferns are handsome for bouquets mixed with paper flowers, or to pin on curtain. Will some of those who crochet and knit lace and tidies send their address to—MRS. F. WRIGHT, Round Grove, Lawrence county, Mo.

Will "Montana May," or "Mae Miller" please describe brocade painting on plush and velvet? And please tell me what it is they sprinkle over painting; it looks like gold dust, but that isn't what it is called. Please tell me what to call for.—TOPSY JANE.

Will some one please tell me how to crystalize flowers? It was in THE BLADE three or four years ago, but I was too small then to understand it. I know there was gum arabic in it. It said the flowers would keep their color and shape. Please answer at once before all the flowers are gone. We have some beautiful flowers now I would like to save.—TOPSY JANE.

If some member of THE HOUSEHOLD has a book with temperance declamations and dialogues in it, and would please send it to me, I would be much obliged. I will pay the postage.—FRANK WEBSTER, Lexington, Neb.

Will the "babies friend" who in BLADE of April 11 and 18 described her infant's wardrobe, be kind enough to send me patterns for the entire outfit? Address Lock Box 213, Holdredge, Neb.

Will Montana May kindly describe a pretty and inexpensive baby basket, with furnishings, for the benefit of—A YOUNG MOTHER?

Will some one give directions for washing dress flannel so it will not be so flimsy and wrinkle so easily?—L. B.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Some one asks whether it is proper or appropriate to wear a tea gown to a dinner or luncheon at a hotel. A recent authority in such matters writes that they are no longer used except at home when a small company is present. It would not be out of place at a quiet family hotel, especially at luncheon. Of course, something depends on what is named a tea gown.

Hettie Hibbs, Isadora, Mo., and Fred R. Harris desire to send thanks to the friends who have sent them papers and other reading matter.—ED.

One good way for a girl to earn her own pin-money is to raise canaries. Good singers always bring good prices, and even the poor ones are worth something. There is considerable amusement, too, to be derived from the care of birds, by one who is fond of pets, and the cost is next to nothing after the parent birds and a cage are once purchased. The rules for success are simple. A big roomy cage, a wide shallow nest and cleanliness are requisites. Paper spread on the floor of the cage, sprinkled with sand, is easily removed and renewed. A bird of light color is best mated with one of darker hue, or the offspring will look either washed out or too dingy. If the male canary is a good singer, a cross with a linnet will produce the best results. Let the birds alone as much as possible. Do not fuss over them. Do not be alarmed if they fight a little at first; they soon settle upon which is to rule the roost. Err rather on the side of too little than too much food. Be careful to give nothing salty or greasy. One pair of birds will raise several broods in a year. The little ones are perfect frights at first, but grow fast. At four weeks they begin to squeak. Their first efforts are positively painful, but in two weeks notes should be distinctly audible if the bird is to be a singer.—*Ex.*

If you find a starry bluet,
Brave with looking at the sky,
With a mad March wind to woo it,
And a rock to shelter by,
Just nod blithely, boldly to it,
As you're passing by the place,
Just nod frank as if you knew it,
It will laugh up in your face!

Follow where the little rills
Run down singing from the hills;
In their glistening footprints follow
Down to the wet meadow low,
In some silent, sheltered place,
If you find a shadowy grace,
Like the ghost of last year's flower,
Come to haunt an April hour,
With its starry, spirit face,
Leave the wind-flower's fragile gem
Trembling on its slender stem.
Pause and look and leave it gleaming;
Pass by softly, not too near it,
I shall know by your still seeming
You have seen a Blossom's spirit.

Go, dear, search in every thing
For too hidden news of spring!
Come back, wondering and wise,
Happy secrets in your eyes,
And a whisper in your mouth
Like the low wind of the South.
Come! whatever news you bring,
You're my spirit of the Spring!
—*Helen Thayer Hutcheson, in St. Nicholas, for April.*

WALLIE'S VISIT.

BY EMMA HARRIMAN.

ALBERT and Walter were two little cousins who lived out in California. Everybody called them Bertie and Wallie, and such mischief-lovers as they were, you never saw.

Bertie lived in a big white house, with orange-trees all around it, and ivy and heliotrope and roses, and so many pretty flowers all the year round. Wallie was visiting Bertie, and one morning when they waked they saw the water all in among the orange-trees.

"O Bertie!" cried Wallie, "come and see; the ocean has come way up most to the house. Bym'by it'll come clear up, and we'll go sailin' way off."

"You think that's the ocean," cried Bertie, "that's the man coming to gerrivate the orengens." He always said gerrivate for irrigate. "I heard my papa say he was comin' last night. There he is: don't you see him in his big boots? Wish I had some."

"Oh what big boots! 'most up to his neck!" cried Wallie. "Let's go and help."

"All right," said Bertie.

So they hurried into their clothes, and ran out among the flowers. And when mamma went to call them to breakfast, she hunted a long time, and at last found them up to their knees in one of the ditches, and as wet as if they had been dipped in the ocean.

"You naughty, naughty boys!" she said, "now could you do such a thing!"

"We's gettivin', mamma," said Bertie, "and Wallie froed water on me with the hoss."

And Bertie pushed me over in the ditch," said Wallie

"We're goin' to have a ocean and sail-boats," said Bertie, pointing to the lawn, flooded from the water they had turned on. "Wallie turned it on," said he, seeing the mischief they had done.

"You must go to bed as soon as you have had your breakfast, and stay two hours," said mamma.

What a long two hours that was, and how glad they were when it was over! They went out to play in the kitchen then, it was so wet everywhere out of doors. After a while mamma heard great shouting and laughing, and hurried out to see what was the matter, and something white went flying by her and dashed out of doors, making a great spitting and mewing. And there, all the way across the clean floor, was a streak of white dust.

"We just put Kittie in the flour barrel," said Wallie.

"She scratched me," said Bertie, holding up his hand.

After dinner they played out of doors again, "Tause, if you let us, we won't never, never play in the water any more, and we'll be dood boys all the time," said Wallie. They went to play by a pile of old boards, and after a while they moved one that lay on the ground, and a big, reddish-brown worm, with lots of legs crawled out.

"He'll bite you," said Bertie. "It's a—a velocipede. Don't go there, Wallie, let's run," and he tried ts draw him away.

"'Taint a 'locipede, it's a pretty worm," said Wallie, who was delighted with everything that had life; "it's a pretty worm, an I want it."

Bertie held him back and screamed, and mamma came running out to see if one of them was drowning.

"Oh, oh, what a great centipede!" she cried. If you had touched him, he would poison you with all those brown legs."

"I told him he'd bite him," said Bertie, letting go the struggling boy, "but he wouldn't believe a word."

The next day was Sunday, and they went to Sunday school.

"I want a badger, too," said Wallie, when Bertie came out with his bright new badge.

"You shall have one when the Band of Hope meets," said Uncle Rodney.

They were very good boys in Sunday school, only Wallie spoke out once, when they were all in the infant class-room, to ask what made the "lightning squirt out of the box." It was a picture of an altar with fire on it. They stayed to church, too and both of the boys slept most of the time; but when the sermon was over and the people went up to take the sacrament, Wallie opened his big blue eyes and said right out loud, "why don't they feed me? I'm goin' to heaven, too, Uncle Rodney."

After they got home from church they went out in the barn to play, and Bertie found a hen's nest.

"Let's take 'em over to the grocery and buy some candy," said he. He was very fond of candy. So they took the eggs in their hands and started. Pretty soon the eggs broke, and yellow streaks ran all down their clean aprons. They threw away the shells, and wandered on till they came out to the street-car track.

"Let's jump on and ride," said Bertie; so they climbed on while the car waited for a very stout lady to get in, and there they stood, with their hands and faces all dirt, and their streaked aprons, among all the nicely dressed people. By and by the driver came in to collect the fares, and he stopped the car and told them to get off. They didn't know the way home by that time, so they pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded in the zanja, a broad ditch which was full of water. After a while they got tired of that, so they climbed out and ran into an orange grove.

"Oh, how you tored your apron, Wallie," said Bertie.

"Let's put on our shoes and stockin's," said Wallie; "it hurts my feet."

"I've losted my shoes," said Bertie. "Let's go home."

So they trudged on, but they didn't know where to go, and pretty soon they stopped. They had found something that Wallie said was a letter D, but Bertie told him it was the door to a big, big spider's nest. Wallie tried to open it, but the big tarantula inside held it fast, and they started on once more. At last it grew dark, and they were so hungry and tired they sat down and began to cry. Just then somebody called them, and there was Uncle Rodney on Bonito. Mamma had been so frightened about them; and Wallie's mamma and papa had come, and everybody was out, looking in the zanjas and everywhere.

"Why didn't you come in the buggy, papa?" Bertie asked next morning.

"Who broke my buggy?" asked papa, quietly.

"Oh, Bertie an' I just setted on the top and it broked," said Wallie.

"Such boys!" said papa.—*Woman's Journal.*

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

"Look out for old Billy!" said Grandpa Nelson, whetting his scythe in the kitchen doorway. "He's cross to children."

"Yes, sir," said Gracie, promptly, "we will."

"Don't go near the pasture, and he won't touch you!" called Grandma Nelson from the cheese room.

"No, ma'am," Gracie answered again, for herself and Teddy and Mother Bunch. "We'll just play this side of the fence. Come, children."

Gracie was the oldest. She was seven, and little Mother Bunch was three years old, and Teddie was between.

They are very busy.

There was all the sand in the sand-bank to be made into cakes and pies.

"We've got to cook all we can for Reunion," said Gracie, looking back over her shoulder at grandma. "Have you got a real good way to make cake, grandma?"

Grandma laughed, and said she didn't know but she had.

But it was a good deal of fun to make the sand-cakes, with little bits of stones for plums, and white earth for sugar, and sand for everything else.

Pretty soon, however, when the sun got higher and hotter, and the merry little breezes died away, it didn't seem so pleasant there in the fence-corner.

"It's real hot," said Gracie, straightening up. "Seems as if the sun's dried up all the wind, too, don't it?"

Teddy had just come with a little pail of water, which they played was "mixing milk." He put it down and mopped his sweaty little face.

"It looks nice and cool under the firs, though," said he.

Gracie thought so herself. She had been thinking so for a long time.

"So it does," said she. "But—but that's over in the pasture, Teddy."

"Well, old Billy ain't anywhere round," declared Teddie. "'Sides, who's afraid of a sheep? I'll take 'long a stick. Come, will you?—and we'll play move."

It did look dark and cool and shady under the fir-trees, and they were only a little way over the fence, and there wasn't a sheep to be seen.

So in less time than it takes to tell you about it, Gracie had crawled through the fence and Ted had climbed over, and Mother Bunch, whose real name was Ruthie, had rolled under, and there they were, sand cakes and all, in the shade of the fir-trees.

"Isn't it the pleasantest you ever saw?" cried Gracie, after a little delightful while. "Let's come here every day, won't we? Will you please run over to Mrs. Peter's and borrow me some more mixing——"

"Ba-a-a-a!"

Oh, dear, what a dreadful noise that was! But it did not sound a bit more dreadful than old Billy looked, with his head lowered and his foot pounding angrily. He was so big, too, and his horns were so crooked, and he was such a very little ways away.

Mother Bunch began to whimper, Gracie's breath came in little frightened rasps.

"Hum, Gracie fun, Mother Bunch!" she cried. "Get o-over the fence quick's ever you can! I—grammal grampa! grrmma!"

And when Grandma Nelson came hurrying out a minute later Teddy and Mother Bunch were out of the pasture safe, though crying as loud as they could, and Gracie, who did not dare to run, was still flourishing her arms and dancing up and down and screaming for help.

Grandma Nelson got over that fence as spry as if she was only half of sixty years old, and drove Billy away in a hurry. Then she helped the children move back to the fence corner.

"It's safer here, if 'tisn't quite so pleasant," said she. She didn't laugh or scold or even say it was "real them's right; but there was a twinkle in her eye. "I wouldn't go into the pasture again," she said. "Now, you had better come and have a lunch."

And in they went.

So I think Gracie *was* a brave little girl, don't you? And I am almost sure Grandma Nelson thought so too.

But I can't help thinking it would have been a great deal better if she *had* minded; and I know Grandma Nelson thought just the same.—*Youth's Companion.*

SURLY AND SWEET.

Johnny and Jimmy were twins, and looked "as near alike as two peas," everybody said.

"Shure," said Bridget, the kitchen girl, "the looks of them is as near alike as two pays, but the actin' of them is no more alike than pays and pumpkins! Jimmy is that pleasant ye can't help lovin' him, but Johnny—och! he's the sour cratur!"

"Come here boys, and let me see if I can tell you apart." Johnny declared that was what everybody said who came into the house to stay five minutes. He often slipped out into the wood-shed, or stole softly up garret, to get out of sight. Jimmy was always ready to go cheerfully when asked, like the pleasant little gentleman that he was.

"I wish I did't look like anybody!" Johnny would often snarl out. "I'm so sick of always being looked at!"

Jimmy never made any such complaint, though he might with some reason, for the teacher kept him by mistake one night afternoon to learn his spelling lesson, when Johnny was the one who had missed after all.

"Why! See! There's Mrs. Hall in her door!" said Jimmy to Johnny, one night, as they were going home from school. "I didn't know she had got home."

"Nor I," said Johnny.

"Come in a moment, boys," called the lady to them. "I want to look at you."

"I shan't go a step!" muttered Johnny.

"Yes, let's go in," pleaded Jimmy. "Mrs. Hall has been gone a whole year, and of course she wants to see us."

"I don't care if she does," snapped Johnny, starting off on the run. But Jimmy went in.

"When did you get home, Mrs. Hall?" he asked, politely, as she shook hands with him.

"I only came this afternoon," she said. "Now, which are you, Jimmy or Johnny?"

"Jimmy."

"Why didn't Johnny come in? I wanted to see if you looked as much alike as you used to."

"He thought he must go home," said Jimmy, trying to excuse his brother, as he had to do very often.

"Come into the parlor," said Mrs. Hall. "I want to show you a new playmate. Here is my nephew, Bobbie, come to stay with me a long time, and I hope you will be good friends. Let us have some nuts and apples to eat while we talk. I want to ask so many questions about your mother."

They had a very pleasant chat over the apples and nuts, and Bobbie and Jimmy felt quite like old friends. Then Jimmy rose to go.

"Wait a minute more," said Mrs Hall, taking a covered basket from the cupboard. "Here are some presents for you boys, but I think John don't care for any, as he would not come in." She took out two beautiful books, two nice balls, and two pearl-handle knives, and gave one of each to Jimmy, who thanked her again and again.

"And now," she said, "please tell your mother I want both you boys to come and spend next Saturday with Bobbie."

"Oh, thank you!" replied Jimmy. "We shall be very glad to come."

Johnny's eyes opened wide when he saw Jimmy's presents. "I'd have gone in," he said, if I'd known she was going to give us anything."

"Jimmy did't know it, but he went in," said their mother. "Surly, selfish people often punish themselves."

They went to see Bobbie the next Saturday, and Johnny hoped he should have some presents, but he found afterward that Mrs. Hall had given them to Bobbie!—*Youth's Companion.*

—We value everything in this world by comparison. Water and air have no *intrinsic* value, and yet Jay Gould, if famishing in the desert, would give all his wealth for a pint of the former, and think it *cheap*; hence, life and health are the standard of all values. If your system is full of Malaria you will be very miserable: a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote will make you well and happy. Is one dollar a high price to pay?

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

SWANWICK, ILL.	
Maggie E C Elliott	Bernice Ewing
KINGS POINT, MO.	Lottie Kelly
Maggie Bird	Jessie Smith
Dade Leeper	Mansfield Smith
Sammy Bird	Jimmie Smith
Wilda Bird	Mary Myers
Ethel Stockton	Inez F Underhill
Delbert Van Gundy	Blanche M Underhill
Nannie Stockton	Ray R Underhill
Davy Huddleston	Earl A Underhill
Mary Wyatt	ELLENTON, FA.
Annie Drake	Sallie Hoffman
Berta Stockton	Cora Vargason
Lola Rosemoud	Annie Hilton
Gracie Van Gundy	Edith Kilmer
ROSCOE, KAS.	Mamie Dumond
Lew Flynn	Ida Whipple
George Cummings	Augusta Beach
C E Clark	May McNeal
Charley Dwelly	Minnie Wescott
Francis Drake	Lizzie Rickey
Burt Gill	Hettie Slocum
May Thompson	Ulyssa Potter
India Michael	Jessie Potter
Mamie Flynn	Ray Carpenter
Cliffe Flynn	Bertha Avery
Ida Flynn	Ettie Smith
Ragnild Lake, MINN.	Hattie Wescott
Lola Pressnall	Mabel Newell
Gertie Pressnall	Anna Rickey
Bertha Pressnall	Edith Avery
Mary Paul	Ettie St James
Nellie Paul	Mary Beech
Fannie Paul	Arthur Tripp
Queen Pickle	Deville Tripp
Stella D Pickle	A D Smith
Ella Pickle	Guy Leonard
Alfie Zimmerman	Willie Lamb
Claude Zimmerman	John Marsellus
Katie Walther	John L Taylor
Otto Cowley	Earl Watts
George Paine	George St James
Albert Schnorble	Willie Sargeant
Lizzie Youmans	Charles Wescal
Charlie Youmans	Claud Smith
Winnie Wooden	Homer St James
Ida Wooden	Harland Tomkins
Effie Pressnall	Ralph Carpenter
Edna L Bullis	Charlie Beach
Clarence Braden	Eddie Carpenter
Jessie Stearns	Bertie J Tripp
Lulie Bennett	Herbert Hill

Names this week, 100. Total 27,134.

The above embraces all names received up to June 28.

TO MY PET

Though the south wind roves about
In the woods all warm and wet,
And the sun shines on my doubt,
I remember winter yet;
I'm too tired to go out,
You go for us both, my Pet!

There's one growing in the wood
With a

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE ON MAKING FRIENDS.

Friendship an Altogether Different Thing from Geniality—Throwing the Mantle of Charity Over the Defects in Others—The Value of Noble Friends.

BROOKLYN, June 30.—At the Tabernacle this morning, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's subject was "How to Make Friends," and his text Proverbs xviii, 24: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." He said:

About the sacred and divine art of making and keeping friends I speak—a subject on which I never heard of any one preaching—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of haphazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all; but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the accretion and dispersion of friendships. They did not "just happen so," any more than the tides just happen to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art, a God-given regulation. Tell me how friendly you are to others and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies; indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies if you got their emity in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil; but this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you, the better your confidantes will think of you. The best friends we every had appeared at some juncture when we were especially bombarded. There have been times in my life when unjust assaults multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about 50 a minute. You are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent. Human nature was shipwrecked about 59 centuries ago, the captain of that craft, one Adam, and his first mate, running the famous cargo aground on a snag in the River Hiddekel; but there was at least one good trait of human nature that weathered safely ashore from that shipwreck, and that is the disposition to take the part of those unfairly dealt with. When it is thoroughly demonstrated that some one is being persecuted, although at the start slanderous tongues were busy enough, defenders finally gather around as thick as honey bees on a trellis of bruised honeysuckle. If, when set upon by the furies, you can have grace enough to keep your mouth shut, and preserve your equipoise, and let others fight your battles, you will find yourself after a while with a whole cordon of allies. Had not the world given to Christ on his arrival at Palestine a very cold shoulder, there would not have been one-half as many angels chanting glory out of the hymn books of the sky bound in black flags of midnight. Had not been for the heavy and jagged and torturous cross, Christ would not have been the admired and loved of more people than any being who ever touched foot on either the Eastern or Western hemisphere. Instead, therefore, of giving up in despair because you have enemies, rejoice in the fact that they rally for you the most helpful and enthusiastic adherents. In short, there is no virulence, human or diabolic, that can hinder my text from coming true: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Your Friendship Must Not Be a Pretense.

It is my ambition to project, especially upon the young, a thought which may benignly shape their destiny for the here and the hereafter. Before you show yourself friendly you must be friendly. I do not recommend a dramatized geniality. There is such a thing as pretending to be en rapport with others when we are their dire enemies, and talk against them and wish them calamity. Judas covered up his treachery by a resounding kiss, and caresses may be demoniacal. Better the mythological Cerberus, the three-headed dog of hell, barking at us, than the wolf in sheep's clothing, its brindled hide covered up by deceptive wool, and its deathful howl changed into an innocent bleating. Disraeli writes of Lord Manfred, who after committing many outrages upon the people, seemed suddenly to become friendly, and invited them to a banquet. After most of the courses of food had been served he blew a horn, which was in those times a signal for the servants to bring on the dessert, but in this case it was the signal for assassins to enter and slay the guests. His pretended friendliness was a cruel fraud, and there are now people whose smile is a falsehood. Before you begin to show yourself friendly you must be friendly. Get your heart right with God and man and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a sensitiveness with which you have a summer of unparalleled scorch. It will not be that at all. I think we are going to have a summer of great harvest and universal health; at any rate I know as much about it as they do. Last fall all the weather prophets agreed in saying we should have a winter of extraordinary severity, blizzard on the heels of blizzard. It was the mildest winter I ever knew to have been. Indeed, the autumn and the spring almost shoved winter out of the procession. Real troubles have no heralds running ahead of their sombre chariots, and no one has any authority in our time to announce their coming. Load yourself up with helpful words and deeds. The hymn once sung in our churches is unfit to be sung, for it says:

We should suspect some danger near
Where we possess delight.

In other words, manage to keep miserable all the time. The old song sung at the pianos a quarter of a century ago was right: "Kind words can never die." Such kind words have their nests in kind hearts, and when they are hatched out and take wing they circle round in flights that never cease, and sportsman's gun cannot shoot them, and storms cannot ruffle their wings, and when they come down in these lower realms of earth, they sweep around amid the higher altitudes of heaven. At Baltimore a few days ago I talked into a phonograph. The cylinder containing the words was sent on to Washington, and the next day that cylinder, from another phonographic instrument, when turned, gave back to me the very words I had uttered the day before, and with the same intonations. Scold into a phonograph, and it will scold back. Four mild words into a phonograph, and it will return the gentleness. Society and the world, and the church, are phonographs. Give them acerbity and rough treatment, and acerbity and rough treatment you will get back. Give them practical friendliness, and they will give back practical friendliness. A father asked his little daughter: "Mary, why is it that everybody loves you?" She answered: "I don't know, unless it is because I love everybody." "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." We want something like that spirit of sacrifice for others which was seen in the English channel, where, in a storm, a boat containing three men was upset, and all three were in the water struggling for their lives. A boat came to their relief and a rope was thrown to one of them, and he refused to take it, saying: "First fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down. I can last some time longer." A man like that, be he senior or landsman, be he in upper ranks of society or lower ranks, will always have plenty of friends. What is true manward is true Godward. We must be the friends of God if we want him to be our friend. We cannot treat Christ badly all our lives and expect him to treat us lovingly. I was reading of a sea fight, in which Lord Nelson captured a French officer, and when the French officer offered Lord Nelson his hand, Nelson replied: "First give me your sword, and then give me your hand." Surrender of our resistance to God must precede God's proffer of pardon to us. Repentance before forgiveness. You must give up your rebellious sword before you can get a grasp of the divine hand.

It Is Good to Have God's Friendship.

Oh, what a glorious state of things to have the friendship of God! Why, we could afford to have all the world against us and all other worlds against us if we had God for us. He could in a minute blot out this universe, and in another minute make a better universe. I have no idea that God tried hard when he made all things. The most brilliant thing known to us is light, and for the creation of that he only used a word of command. As out of a flint the frontiersman strikes a spark, so out of one word God struck the noonday sun. For the making of the present universe I do not read that God lifted so much as a finger. The Bible frequently speaks of God's hand, and God's arm, and God's shoulder, and God's foot; then suppose he should put hand and arm and shoulder and foot to utmost tension, what could he not make? That God, of such demonstrated and undemonstrated strength, you may have for your present and everlasting friend. Even a shy and reticent friend, hard to get at, but as approachable as a country mansion on a summer day when all the doors and windows are open. Christ said: "I am the door." And he is a wide door, a high door, a palace door, an always open door. My four-year-old child got hurt, and did not cry until hours after when her mother came home, and then she burst into weeping, and some of the domestics, not understanding human nature, said to her: "Why did you not cry before?" She answered: "There was no one to cry to." Now, I have to tell you that while human sympathy may be absent, divine sympathy is always accessible. Give God your love and get his love; your services and secure his help; your repentance and have his pardon. God a friend? Why, that means all your wounds medicated, all your sorrows soothed, and if some sudden catastrophe should hurl you out of earth it would only hurl you into heaven. If God is your friend, you cannot go out of the world too quickly or suddenly, so far as our own happiness is concerned. There were two Christians last Tuesday who entered heaven; the one was standing at a window in perfect health watching the shower, and the lightning instantly slew him; but the lightning did not flash down the sky as swiftly as his spirit flashed up. The Christian man who died on the same day next door had been for years confined, failing in health, and for the last three months had suffered from a disease that made the nights sleepless and the days an anguish. Do you not really think that the case of the one who went instantly was more desirable than the one who entered the shining gate through a long lane of insomnia and congestion? In instance case it was like you standing wearily at a door, knocking and waiting, and wondering if it will ever open, and knocking and waiting again; while in the other case, it was a swinging open of the door at the first touch of your knuckle. Give your friendship to God, and have God's friendship for you, and even the worst accident will be a victory.

Human Friendship Refreshing.

How refreshing is human friendship and true friends, what priceless treasure! When sickness comes, and trouble comes, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance in our door-way in any crises is re-enforcement, and when they have entered we say: "Now it is all right!" Oh, what would we do without friends, family friends? But we want something more than human friendship in our great exigencies. When Jonathan Edwards in his final hour had given the last good-by to all his earthly friends, he turned on his pillow and closed his eyes confidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never failing friend?" Yes, I admire human friendship as seen in the case of David and and Jonathan, of Damon and Pythias, of Hogarth and Goethe, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Cowley and Harvey, of Erasmus and Thomas More, of Lessing and Mendelssohn, of Lady Churchill and Princess Anne, of Orestes and Pylades, each requesting that himself might take the point of the dagger so the other might be spared; of Epaminodas and Pelopidas, who locked their battle determined to die together; but the grandest, the mightiest, the tenderest friendship in all the universe is the friendship between Jesus Christ and a believing soul. Yet, after all I have said I feel I have only done what James Marshall, the miner, did in 1848, in California, before its gold mines were known. He reconciled in and put upon the table of his employer, Capt. Sutton, a thimbleful of gold dust. "Where did you get that?" said his employer. The reply was: "I got it this morning from a mill race, from which the water had been drawn off." But that gold dust, which could have been taken up between the finger and the thumb, was the prophecy and specimen that revealed California's wealth to all nations. And to-day I have only put before you a specimen of the value of divine friendship, only a thimbleful of mines inexhaustible and infinite, though all time and all eternity go on with the exploration.

Drollery.

Grandma had taught our "two-year-old" to answer a great many bible questions, and was fond of showing him off. On one of these occasions she asked him, "Who was it put in the lion's den?"

"Daniel," was the prompt answer.

"Did the lions eat Daniel?"

"No."

"Why?" The answer should have been, "Because God shut their mouths," but the little fellow reflected a minute and then said:

"I dess Daniel wasn't dood to eat."

Twin boys having been born in Uncle Rastus' house, the serious question arose what names should be given them. A council was called.

"Dar's one t'ing," said Aunt Lizy, "dat's got ter be 'tended to. Dem boys mus' hab different 'nitials, lessen deir handkerchiefs gets mixed up."

"Dat's so," said Uncle Rastus, reflectively.

Then after a pause, he added, "Well, I'll tell ye. We'll call 'em Edward and 'Ugene."

A boy's pocket has many uses. At a pinch it has been found to answer very well in place of a calendar.

"Cyrus," said a woman to her husband, at bed-time, "what day is this?"

"Wednesday," answers Cyrus.

The wife holds up a small pair of trousers at arms' length. "I'm afraid Johnny isn't well. At this time in the week he generally has a pound or two more of marbles in his pocket than he has to-night."

The Farm.

Special Request.

Readers of the FARM are asked to turn to the 4th page of this issue and read the announcement of the story by the late D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby"), called "The Demagogue," and then to send, by the next mail, on a postal card, the names and addresses of at least ten persons to whom we may send sample copies, with a view to their subscribing. The FARM has done many a favor for its readers; now pay them back, friends!

INFORMATION WANTED.

Poll Evil.

E. S., Creston, Iowa: Poll evil may be cured if not neglected until the bones are affected. In the early stage, by keeping wet cloths on the part, composed of water 1 quart, tincture of arnica and vinegar, of each 2 ozs., until the inflamation is all out, and afterward applying iodine 1 drachm, lard 1 oz, well mixed, for an ointment, the hardness will be dispersed. If the disease is beyond the first stage, and pus has formed and burrowed into the neck and pipes formed, the fistulas must be freely opened to their ends with a knife, and the bone scraped if diseased. Then press gently until all the pus possible is removed, and rub with carbolic acid 50 drops, water 1 pint. After this take of chloride of zinc 30 grains, water 1 quart, and syringe to the bottom, or swab out with some soft material. When the joint is attacked a cure is uncertain.

What Are They.

D. W. H., Burr Oak, Michigan: The heads of grain you sent had on them the insect known as the grain plant louse. It is closely related to the "green fly" of house plants, rose bushes. It is a brownish or greenish insect, and lives on the grass family. As the wheat ripens it makes its way to the oats and grasses of certain kinds, sucking the sap. It is said that a single louse may become the creator of millions before autumn. It has appeared during the present year in many different parts of Ohio, Michigan and other states. A circular letter from the Ohio agricultural experiment station, after referring to the insect says:

"Fortunately this insect has a great many enemies which prey upon it, and are now doing immense good in decimating its ranks. These are of various kinds, and in some places are being mistaken for foes instead of friends of the farmer. The one which is causing the most apprehension is a peculiar dark colored six-footed insect, generally with spots of a brighter color on its back, looking, as one person expressed it, 'half worm and half bug,' which is very abundant in the infested wheat fields, crawling about over the heads. These are the young or larvæ of various species of lady-bugs, or lady-beetles, and instead of attacking the wheat, as many farmers believe, is really feeding upon the lice themselves and destroying them by thousands. Another insect that is doing immense good is a very small four-winged fly that deposits an egg within the louse. This egg hatches into a grub that develops at the expense of the louse, destroying it and emerging again as a four-winged fly. The dead lice 'struck' by these parasites become dull brown in color, and adhere to the leaf or stem upon which they are feeding.

Besides these, various other enemies are attacking the lice, and the indications now are that the outbreak will be so checked by the end of the season that there will be little danger of a repetition of the attack next year."

The insect is not a new one. It appeared many years ago in this country, and is supposed to have been brought here from Europe. It has done some damage, but it is not anything like as destructive as many farmers supposed it would be.

Sprain in Mare's Back.

N. N. W., Wenubleau, Missouri: For the sprain in your mare's back, lay cloths along the back bone at the small of the back, keeping them wet for two days, or until all inflammation is out. Then take oil of spike, oil originum, oil wormwood, aqua ammonia, camphor gum, of each 2 oz., olive oil, 4 oz., alcohol, 1 quart. Mix and rub well in on the back twice a day. Give an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water once a day for a week. She must have absolute rest for at least a month. There is no use in treating such a sprain unless a long rest is given.

Recipe for Cleansing Horses' Blood—Farcy Symptoms.

Reader, Gaines Station, Mich.: A good thing to strengthen a horse and purify the blood is, first, give 3 drachms of aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this has operated, beat up the following into a bolus and give night and morning for a week: Powdered sulphate of iron, 2 scruples; nux vomica, 10 grains; ginger, 2 drachms; liquorice, 4 drachms; extract of gentian, 3 drachms. The above for one bolus. In acute farcy the first thing noticeable is shivering, loss of appetite and leg swelling, presenting an uneven surface, increasing and decreasing suddenly, and pain and lameness occurs. When the swelling decreases the enlarged glands may be felt under the skin, forming cords and small lumps called "farcy buds." These buds eventually burst and discharge an unhealthy pus. They are usually found in groups some distance from the joints. In chronic farcy the notable difference is that the buds and hard cords are felt, are tender and painful, but seldom ulcerate. The buds are in groups on the inner and outer parts of the thigh forearm, flanks, neck and head. At times they are felt along the juggular vein. We do not understand your question relative to colts, not knowing the disease by the name you give, and can give you no advice on a matter we do not comprehend.

Black Lice on Chicks—Worms on Young Apple Trees.

C. W. A., Raymilton, Pa.—For the big black lice on the heads of chicks, rub with unsalted lard, from base of bill over the head to the base of the brain. For other lice, sprinkle the nests with Scotch snuff where hens roost, and also sprinkle under the feathers of their necks, and a little under their wings. Clean up the pens, and rub the perches, both on top and under, with a rag dipped in kerosene. To get rid of worms on young apple trees, sprinkle them with London purple and water at the rate of one pound of purple to 50 gallons of water. This is poison.

To Keep Navy Beans.

J. F. M.: To keep navy beans over winter free from the bean weevil. After they have been picked and well dried, place them in a cool, airy place, where there is no dampness. In the spring, before planting, drop the beans in water, and those having weevil in them will float. Throw them away and plant the others. This will enable you to get rid of them, so that next fall there will be but few if any weevil in them. The egg is in the bean when picked. The best way is to give beans the water test each year before planting.

Hog Cholera—Is There a Cure or Preventive.

A. J. S., Quittie Crab, Tennessee: Prof. Turner, of Illinois, says that if the following is used it will prevent the disease, and given freely in the early stages will cure: Flowers of sulphur, sulphate of iron, madder, of each, 2 lbs.; black antimony, nitrate of potash, of each ½ lb.; arsenic, 2 ozs.; mix with 12 gallons of slop and give a pint to each hog, this quantity being for 100 hogs; or, mix thoroughly together this: Common salt, 4 lbs; black antimony, 2 lbs; sulphur, 2 lbs; sulphate of iron, of each 1 lb; wood ashes, unleached, 1 peck. Put in a trough where the hogs can eat at it at will.

Opening Small in Cows' Teats.

A Subscriber, Tarentum, Pa.: The opening in your cow's teats may be enlarged by using a milking tube, which may be had from any leading hardware man, or he will get you one. They cost about 50 cents, and are safe and effective, relieving the contraction. The teats may be enlarged by inserting a well oiled quill with a circular collar about an inch in diameter, kept in place by a piece of sticking plaster on the quill, and left there for a week or two it will enlarge the teats. This quill should not be so large as to touch the udder. The safest and best thing, however, is the milking tube.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Farmers and Millers—An Old Farmer's Views.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—It seems to me that all the grumbling about our millers, merchants and manufacturers is not only useless, but generally without sufficient cause. We farmers are very much disposed to look upon all trades and professions as making more and doing better than ourselves. We can not ascertain just how well the miller or other manufacturer is doing, unless we watch him and see just how he comes out in the end. Our miller give us 35 pounds of flour for a bushel of good wheat bran and some of them come out as poor as when they went in. Some of our merchants went in with some capital and come out with less.

We had a very good mill at Summer Hill, but some living near by went off to other places for their mill material; some brought flour in from other mills and sold in opposition to our mill, and the result is that the mill is shut up, and that our friends in this transaction have the consolation of going nine miles for a sack of bran when they want one. Better support our own town and home market.

Some of your correspondents speak of the farmers starting a store of their own. Are they certain that they could sell goods any cheaper than they can buy them of our merchants? Let them try it, and I am very much afraid of five will fail. There is now so much competition in all trades and callings that all are working at as low a living-rate as they can—all are too anxious to sell. The man that does not take his county paper is badly in the dark.

We farmers instead of reporting our crop prospects, as better than they are, generally make a rather gloomy report. We must confess there are no greater grumblers than we. To be a successful farmer requires brains, will and muscle. The man that stands around the store and talks half of the time does not get as much at anything.—AN OLD FARMER, Summer Hill, Illinois. [Your solution of problem has been given to the editor of the Question Bureau.—ED.]

Crawfish.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one of the readers of the BLADE FARM tell me how to get rid of crawfish?—M. KECK, Tamaroa, Ill. [Some one, a year or two ago, told how to get rid of crawfish in the BLADE FARM, but we have forgotten the date on which it was published or how it was to be done. Will some reader be so kind as to let Mr. Keck know, through the BLADE FARM, how to get rid of them?—ED.]

"The Devil's Own Weed"—How to Get Rid of It.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice in THE BLADE of June 13 a request from Mr. Carr, of Marseilles, Ill., for a plan to get rid of the "devil's own weed," as he aptly terms the wild morning glory, or wild sweet potato, as called by some

Now, I will give the plan that we used with good success in Livingston county, Ill., where I had my home for more than a score of years, and which is not so far from Marseilles either.

Mr. Carr is no doubt aware that his pet weed has a bulbous root, similar to that of the sweet potato, and the reason of their great staying qualities—which equal those of a lightning rod peddler, or an insurance agent—is the great vitality and capacity for reproduction of those bulbs. Well, when we had a dry season (a wet one wouldn't do) we would let those bulbs get partly grown, but soft and immature; then, some warm day we would just plow up one weed patch, turning those bulbs up to the hot sun so that they would just get cooked to death. It would sometimes be necessary to go over a second time with the plow, a little deeper than at first, and perhaps harrow lightly; but if the weather was favorable that treatment would fix 'em so they would stay fixed. Try it, all hands, and report results.—R. S., Neola, Kas.

Interest in the Letters of Mr. Stine—Information Furnished Through the Medium of the Assessors.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—For several months I have read with interest the entertaining letters of Mr. Stine in THE BLADE FARM, and none with more interest than that in the FARM of the 18th of June. In that he gains a well directed blow at the speculators and their tools—unconsciously so, perhaps—the assessors. Now, while Mr. Stine's proposed plan is correct enough in principle, I very much doubt if it would produce the desired result if carried out with your permission, I will cite a case which seems to me is directly to the point in its bearing on the question of supply and demand.

Some 40 years ago or more, when I was a boy, in my native place on the head waters of Frenchman's Bay, in the glorious old "Pine Tree state," the birthplace of prohibition and the home of the "plumed knight," a great part of the winter occupation of men living along those bays and coves near the seaboard, was chopping cordwood of various kinds and getting it to the landings where it could be shipped to Boston by water when navigation opened. It always happened that about the time sledding broke up the Boston wood buyers would know in detail how much, both hard wood and soft, was on every landing from Cape Elizabeth to Goddy Head, and could tell in advance within a few hundred cords of what amount of wood would be put on the Boston market during the season. Now, if our grain trade speculators were not furnished this information through the medium of the assessors, who are paid for their work by the farmers, it would only put them to the expense of paying for their information out of their own pocket, as did those Boston wood buyers 40 years ago.—R. SPRINGER, Neolo, Kas.

Neshannock Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I would like to know if any of the numerous BLADE readers have any of the old fashioned blue Neshannock potatoes? Am desirous of getting some for seed, from one pound up. —O. P. SOCK, Newark, O.

Taking Warts Off.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having seen so many cures for taking warts off horses I thought I would send mine, as I know it to be good. Take 1 cents worth of copperas, put in a bottle, and put in a cup of water, tie the wart tight with three or four horse hairs, close to the skin, and wash the copperas water four or five times a day. In a few days the wart will fall off, then rub with fresh lard. I know this to be good, as I have taken bleeding warts off as large as tea cup. Keep it tied tight.—N. H. RUSS, Chester, Michigan.

Withholding Information Concerning Crops.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have read two communications in THE BLADE on the propriety of farmers withholding all information concerning their crops to assessors and everybody else, as they consider it gives close to the speculators, capitalists and bull-bears great advantage of the farmers. The first correspondent, I was inclined to take in his views, and on reading the second one began to consider the propriety of the measure more seriously; and now, according to my judgment, it would be the worst move the farmers could make for their interest generally, for the following reasons: First, of all classes of people. It is necessary for the farmer to be posted as to the condition of crops throughout the United States and Europe, and the prices of hogs, cattle, etc., and prices generally of farm produce, which he can do, by taking a county paper (as Kansas farmer says, a one-horse paper) and THE BLADE, if no more. I think it necessary for farmers to patronize a home paper and a foreign one. The more he can read the better he will be, as there are, all the time, swindlers around somewhere, swindling the farmer, and in two cases of swindles out of three are where they do not take the papers. Furthermore, they contend that such a policy gives capitalists a better chance to swindle farmers out of their earnings. Now, we will take Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones again, whom I will say are well posted. They are average good farmers; they learn from their papers the condition of crops in other parts, which is their main source of information. Suppose they live in Iowa. They raise corn, oats and spring wheat, hogs, cattle and horses, with other farm products. Suppose they hear of wheat being sold this year, and they learn that fall wheat is a failure. Say they: "We will hold on to our spring wheat for a fair price." "But," says Mr Grain Buyer, "your corn is promising, and will tend to lower your wheat and oats." Mr. Smith says: "A little too soon to count on corn. I prefer holding on to my small grain for a while." Take the whole year, and Smith and Jones have it in their power, to some extent, to regulate the price of their products according to the present modus operandi of things, whereas, if they persist in the opposite views they would give the bulls and bears a decided advantage, as there is too much traveling to and fro in the United States. They also ascertain by getting information concerning crops in the United States. They could club together and pay a man to travel all the time through the country to examine the condition of the crops and have double the advantage they now have at small expense, there being so many large centers.—M. L. CASSEL, Nichols, Ia.

The Farmers' Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Permit me to say a few words in answer to C. L. G., Rock Spring, Mo., in regard to the alliance. According to C. L. G. it is a political organization and free trade at that. Please tell him he knows nothing about it. We have an organization here, and three out of four of the members are Republicans and protectionists. The alliance is a non-partizan organization, but if we can buy 15 to 150 per cent cheaper than we can or home merchants, who shall say us nay.

Grain dealers say we will get more for corn if shipped than if sold to local buyers. Live stock also.

If C. L. G. will get the constitution and by-laws and read them, maybe he will think differently, but there are people in this world that have got too old to learn. He talks about an Alliance man for President in '92, running on a free trade ticket. Any sensible man ought to know by the present condition of that free trade will not win in Uncle Sam's dominion.—M. D. J., Silver Creek, Neb.

Lard and Sulphur.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Perhaps the lady did not know how to use lard and sulphur on her little chicks. I have used the remedy for the last six years, and know that it is good. First take the lard and rub a very little on the chicks' heads and a little on the hen's wings; then with your dusting can, nearly cover them with sulphur. Keep the hen in the coop for one week after using, but let the chicks run. It is the dirt the hen gets in her feathers that makes them go blind.—SARAH DWYER.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

OHIO REPUBLICANS.

Gov. Foraker Renominated—The Platform and Ticket.

The Ohio Republican state convention at Columbus on June 25 and 26, nominated the following ticket: Governor, J. B. Forraker; Lieutenant Governor, E. L. Lampson; State Treasurer, John C. Brown; Clerk of the Supreme Court, Urban H. Hester; Attorney General, D. K. Watson; Judge of the Supreme Court, F. J. Dickman; member Board of Public Works, Wm. Hahn; State School Commissioner, John Hancock.

The Platform.

The Republican party of Ohio in convention assembled, hereby announces the following platform of principles:

First—We renew our adherence to all the principles so clearly and strongly enunciated by the Republican national convention of 1888, and especially to the principles of protection in its two-fold meaning and operation; protection to every American citizen at home, in all parts of our country; protection to every American citizen abroad, on land, on every sea; protection to every American citizen in the exercise of all his political rights and privileges; protection to American industry and labor against the industry and labor of the world.

Second—We heartily endorse the administration of Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, and pledge him our cordial support to the discharge of the duties devolving upon him as chief magistrate of this nation. And especially do we commend the just and liberal policy of the pension bureau in carrying out the pledges of the loyal people to the soldiers of the Union.

Third—That we favor the passage by Congress at the next session of a proper and equitable service pension bill for all honorably discharged Union soldiers and seamen of the late war.

Fourth—We demand a full and adequate protective tariff, and such a tariff as will, while in due time give to the American wool growers the American market for all the wool required by American wants. We endorse the provisions of the bill on the subject passed by the House of the last session of Congress.

Fifth—We heartily endorse the decision of the secretary of the Treasury, whereby the duty on worsted is made dutiable at the same rate as upon woolen goods, thereby benefiting our manufacturing and wool industries.

Sixth—We congratulate the people of Ireland on the progress of their struggle for home rule, and in this convention we express the sense of President Harrison as selected for the honorable position in the diplomatic service worthy and representative Irish-American citizens.

Seventh—Resolved, That we heartily endorse the administration of our gallant and able Governor, J. B. Foraker, as wise, pure and patriotic. His promptness in responding to the call of suffering humanity has endeared him to the hearts of all generous people. His splendid administration of the finances of the state so unsurpassed by the last Democratic administration, bringing order out of chaos, replenishing a depleted treasury, re-establishing the credit of the state, while at the same time reducing the rate of taxation to a figure lower than it has been for half a century, entitles him to the gratitude of the people, and mark him as one of the most brilliant of our governors.

Eighth—*Resolved*, That we endorse the wise laws passed by the Republican legislature in regard to the liquor traffic and pledge the party to keep abreast of public opinion upon that subject.

Ninth—*Resolved*, that we send greeting to our honored senator, John Sherman, visiting foreign lands, and assuring him of the great confidence we have in his great and patriotic statesmanship, his loyalty and devotion to the high principles of Republicanism, the grand doctrine of protection to American industries, an honest ballot and a sound and equitable currency, and insure him a hearty welcome upon his return to the United States.

State Central Committee.

Hamilton—Howard Ferris, George Moerlin.
Montgomery—A. W. Kumler.
Allen—J. V. Halfell.
Putnam—John M. Sheets.
Wood—M. P. Brewer.
Waren—C. M. Harding.
Pickaway—C. E. Gross.
Delaware—F. Freshwater.
Lucas—J. Kent Hamilton.
Gallia—J. S. Blackaller.
Pike—W. D. James.
Franklin—Fred W. Herbst.
Richland—W. S. Cappeller.
Athens—G. R. W. Jennings.
Muskingum—Wm. Miller.
Belmont—W. A. Hunt.
Stark—A. J. Hug, jr.
Lake—J. A. Allen.
Medina—Chas. K. Neil.
Cuyahoga—A. L. Brinsmade.

The Memory of Mrs. Hayes.

The following resolutions were adopted on the death of Mrs. Hayes:

WHEREAS, The sorrowful news has been this day telegraphed over the country that Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes departed this life at her home at Fremont, this 25th day of June, A. D., 1889; therefore be it

Resolved, By this assembly of Ohio citizens in convention assembled, that while we mourn the loss of this admirable woman, a typical American wife and mother, and while we console with her family and husband, ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, in this their greatest earthly affliction, we yet recall her many virtues and lovable qualities and commend her life and family example to the American people as one to be imitated and emulated by them in attaining the highest of womanly, Christian character.

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the secretary of this convention to the family of the deceased at Fremont, O.

LAID TO REST.

The Simple, but Impressive Services Over the Remains of Mrs. Hayes.

Mrs. Hayes's funeral occurred at Fremont, Ohio, on June 28. Spiegel Grove, the Hayes homestead, is a large brick mansion, in the suburbs of Fremont, standing in the midst of a beautiful grove of forest trees. From the structure the trees have been cleared away to make a broad lawn between it and Birchard avenue.

Beyond this street the ground dips sharply, and from the piazza of Spiegel Grove there are charming glimpses between the trees of the wide valley of the river, to the crest of the table land beyond.

The wide hall of the charming home, the parlors and the library were heavy with the perfume of flowers, the tributes of love and esteem from public people and private friends, from the comrades-in-arms of Gen. Hayes, and military and civic organizations.

Tokens of Friendship.

The profusion of these was bewildering, and many are of the most elaborate nature. Among the great number arriving that day were a magnificent pillow of white lilies from the President and Mrs. Harrison, a cross of ivy on a base of lilies from the national organization of the W. C. T. U., an easel of flowers from the Women's Relief Corps, Department of Ohio.

The Loyal Legion Mission band sent a piece consisting of 57 white roses, one for each year of the life just closed.

A most beautiful piece came from the Woman's Home Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church, of which Mrs. Hayes was president.

Forsyth Relief Corps, of Toledo, with which she had also been associated, sent a floral easel; the survivors of the Twenty-third Ohio regiment sent another elaborate piece, while the number of those from private and personal friends was simply legion.

The body of Mrs. Hayes was embalmed after death, and on June 28, the day of the funeral, it was arrayed for the grave and placed in the casket, which is red cedar, the corners relieved by pilasters.

It is covered with heavy black broadcloth, with massive oxydized silver extension handles, full length. The handles on each side are attached to the shell by three silver arms, ornamented in harmony with the fluted pilasters at the corners. There are also end handles of the same design.

The broadcloth covering of the casket is absolutely plain, the only ornaments being the pilasters and handles. The plate extends the full width of the casket; it is also of oxidized silver, rectangular in form, and harmonizes perfectly in design with the other silver ornaments. On it bears only the simple inscription:

LUCY WEBB HAYES,
JUNE 25, 1889.

Inside the casket is a copper shell, covered on the interior with white, surah silk of an ivory tint, perfectly plain, with only a gimp along the upper edge.

The body was arrayed in a dress of ivory cream satin, with white passementerie trimming and white lace.

The dress was made for Mrs. Hayes while she was in the White House and was worn by her on several historic occasions. She wore it also when she sat for the oil portrait, three quarters length, which now hangs in the library at Spiegel Grove.

The appearance was most life like. Her last illness was so short and death so sudden that there was but little emaciation, and all who looked upon her as she lay in the casket remarked upon the natural appearance.

The work of embalming was perfectly performed, and she looked as if sweetly slumbering.

The face was pale, but there was a trace of rose color in the cheeks. The closed eyes are not sunken, and there was a smile on her lips, as if content in her last sleep.

When this sad task was completed, the members of the family came to look upon the loved and lost.

Last came Gen. Hayes himself, who, in a voice trembling with grief, begged to be left alone with his dead.

What storms of grief swept over his soul, as he sat alone in the chamber of death, only those who have had a similar bereavement can comprehend; but when he came out and reverently closed the door, his face was pale and calm, though there were traces of the tears that had forced their way. Despite the iron will of the strong man, battling with the outward exhibition of the grief that is gnawing at his heart-strings.

The funeral services were simple and unostentatious, preserving the character of a private, rather than a public occasion. They were opened with the reading of the 23d psalm by Mrs. Hayes's pastor, the Rev. Mr. J. M. Mills, of the Methodist Episcopal church.

This was followed by the hymn:

My Jesus, as thou wilt,
Oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hands of love,
I would my all resign.

which was read by the Rev. Mr. C. E. Barnes, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

The singing was by a quartette, led by Prof. Arthur, of Cleveland, who was leader of the regimental band of the Twenty-third Ohio, of which Gen. Hayes was colonel.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Dr. Bashford, the new president of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware. This duty had been assigned to the Rev. Dr. Merrick of that institution, the old instructor of both Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, while they were students there, but his health did not permit of his making the journey to Fremont.

The second hymn followed, being read by Rev. N. Shupp, of the Evangelical church:

When pence, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

The Rev. L. D. McCabe, LL. D., then delivered a brief funeral address. It was the desire of the family that there should be no set sermon.

Rev. J. I. Swander, of the Reformed church, then read the hymn, beginning:

God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsel's guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again,

which was rendered by the choir.

Rev. W. Lang, of the Evangelical Lutheran church, then repeated the Lord's prayer, closing the simple and impressive services, which had been so arranged as to bring into requisition the services of all the Evangelical ministers of the city.

An opportunity was then given to the throngs of sympathizing visitors from abroad to view the body, the Fremont Light Guard band, which was stationed some distance from the house, playing a number of suitable selections meanwhile.

The funeral cortege then took up its line of march to Oakwood cemetery, where the interment took place.

JOHNSTOWN.

The Belief Committee Makes a Statement to the Public.

The following communication has been furnished the Associated Press from Johnstown, Pa., and dated June 26:

To all committees holding funds for the relief of Johnstown sufferers:

The Johnstown finance committee for the relief of sufferers by the flood would represent to you that there is urgent necessity for the prompt and wise use of the money which has been generously contributed by the country for the alleviation of the distress of our suffering people.

Large as these sums of money are, they will be utterly inadequate to do more than to mitigate the present distress and to aid this community to make an effort for self-help.

Their patience has been unprecedented and they are now beginning with courage to reconstruct, in some temporary fashion, shelter for their families and places in which business can be carried on. It is impossible for the committee or any number of committees to supply this community with the things it needs.

It is really in need of everything, and the only practical way of helping it is to put into the hands of the individual members of the community money by which they can get what they need, not merely for their subsistence, but all the various requirements of a people who are beginning life anew upon a devastated tract of land on which once their fair city stood.

The Committee's Work.

Our committee has been in receipt of contributions of money sent us from all over the country. We have used necessarily a portion of this money for the immediate relief of the sufferers.

Accurate Registration.

It has set on foot and will have completed shortly an accurate registration of all the surviving sufferers, and it is proposed, as an equitable and quick method of reaching their first pressing wants, to divide the money which it holds equally among them. The sum which would be given to each would necessarily be small, but it will inspire them with the hope that the larger amounts of money contributed for their relief may speedily become available, and it will give a better heart, and a fresher hope to those who are now struggling to re-establish themselves in their lost employments and avocations. The position here is as follows:

The working people are offered ample employment, and as they are a people who own their own homes, they are sticking to Johnstown in spite of their present privations. Our merchants and tradesmen seeing this, are quickly opening their stores in shanties or board buildings of any type.

**Must Have Money to Buy With

WASHINGTON NEWS.

PHELPS GETS IT.

President Harrison Appoints Him to the German Mission.

The President appointed William Walter Phelps minister to Germany, on June 26.

Mr. Phelps received his appointment from the President's own hands with the remark that it was his reward, which naturally was highly gratifying to the recipient. Going over to the department of State, his commission was immediately made out, and he qualified as United States minister to Germany.

William Walter Honored.

William Walter Phelps the newly appointed minister to Germany, is receiving a series of social honors before he leaves Washington, as gratifying in their way as the official honor conferred by his appointment. On June 26 he was entertained at dinner by Congressman Hitt, where he met Secretary Blaine and representatives of the diplomatic service in Washington. On the 27th, in company with Secretary Blaine he breakfasted informally at the White House with President Harrison.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on June 26:

DAVID C. GREINER, at Terre Haute, Ind., vice John H. Began, removed.

PHILIP WILHELM, at Seymour, Ind., vice Alexander A. Davison, removed.

ALLEN T. RUDOLPH, at Vincennes, Ind., vice James R. Buckley, removed.

The President made the following appointments on June 28:

To be collectors of internal revenue:

MARCUS BOGGS, for the Eleventh district of Ohio.

JOHN O. CRAVENS, for the Sixth district of Indiana.

JULIUS C. STARR, for the Fifth district of Illinois.

PHILIP M. HILDEBRAND to be surveyor of customs for the port of Indianapolis Ind.

JOHN G. WATTS, of Virginia, to be United States marshal for the Western district of Virginia.

JAMES A. CONNELLY, of Illinois, to be United States attorney for the Southern district of Illinois.

The President made the following appointments on June 29:

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, of the District of Columbia, to be minister resident and consul general of the United States to Hayti.

JAMES G. WRIGHT, of Illinois, to be agent for the Indians of the Rosebud agency, in Dakota.

DANIEL M. AMSDELL, of Indiana, to be United States marshal for the District of Columbia, vice A. A. Wilson, resigned.

CAPT. MEREDITH, of Chicago, chief of the bureau of engraving and printing.

SETH H. COOK, gauger at Cincinnati.

One More Collector.

The President, on June 29, appointed Robert H. Hunter of New York, to be collector of internal revenue for the 14th district of New York.

The President made the following appointments on July 1:

A. LOUDON SNOWDEN, of Pennsylvania, to be minister resident and consul-general of the United States to Roumania, Servia and Greece.

WM. HAYDEN EDWARDS, of Ohio, to be consul-general of the United States at Berlin.

AUGUSTUS G. BOURNE, of Rhode Island, to be consul-general of the United States at Rome.

EUGENE SCHUYLER, of New York, to be agent and consul-general of the United States at Cairo.

To be consuls of the United States:

WALLACE BRUCE, of New York, at Leith; WILLIAM HARRISON BRADLEY, of Illinois, at Nice; EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD, of Michigan, at Lyons; IRVING J. MANATT, of Nebraska, at Athens; WILLIAM LOWRIE, of Kentucky, at Ponta Tulla; JOHN G. STUDER, of New Brunswick at Barmen; ENOCH J. SMITHERS, of Delaware, at Osaka and Hioga; ALEXANDER C. MOORE, of West Virginia, at St. Thomas; CHARLES L. JOHNSON, of Ohio, at Hamburg; ELIAS C. HALSEY, at Sonneberg.

The President made the following appointments on July 2:

GEORGE H. DUNN, at Shelbyville, Ind., vice Squire L. Mayer, removed.

A. E. HARTMAN, at Columbus, Ind., vice George E. Sinney, removed.

A. P. JACKSON, of Wisconsin, to be register of the land office at Menasha, Wis.

GEORGE A. McKINSTRY, of California, to be register of the land office at Stockton, Cal.

JESSE TAYLOR, of Kansas, to be receiver of public moneys at Garden City, Ks.

E. T. FREEMAN, of Minnesota, to be receiver of public moneys at Marshall (formerly Tracy), Minn.

DANIEL HOGAN, customs collector, 13th Illinois district.

To be Indian Agents—ARCHER O. SIMONS, of Montana, at the Fort Belknap agency in Montana; CHAS. B. BARTHOLOMEW, of Colorado, at the Southern Ute agency in Colorado; WM. P. McCLELLAND, of New Mexico, at the Pueblo agency in New Mexico; WM. I. PLUMB, of Nevada, at the Western Shoshone Agency in Nevada; W. S. REYNOLDS, of Wisconsin, to be a special agent to make allotments of lands in severalty to Indians, etc., etc.

Secretary Noble's Carriages.

Secretary Noble, in his official capacity, has purchased a pair of horses, and a great howl is going up from Democrats and Mugwumps. It is, perhaps, only natural that they should howl, and that they contented themselves with exercising their vocal organs in that way there would be no necessity for saying anything. No sensible person feels called upon to argue with a dog who does nothing more than howl. But the friends of the administration have gone further; they are comparing Secretary Noble's action with the conduct of Secretary Lamar when that moss-covered relic rattled around in the department of the Interior. It is probable that the whole of that story has never been told. It is true that when the Mississippian went through the form of taking charge of the department he did order the sale of the two carriages and the horses used by the previous secretary and assistant secretary. This act was advertised far and wide and every Democratic paper in the land was filled with extravagant eulogy. For a little more than a week Lamar rode to and from the office in a street car and paid his own fare. Then he began to realize that a carriage was necessary, but he did not want to own up to his foolishness in selling the carriage provided for him. Finally he had to, but he did it very quietly. For his own use he purchased a buggy and to draw the buggy he bought a horse that cost as much as the two horses which had been drawing his predecessor. Then, gradually, two carriages were smuggled in, as it were, but the Democratic press never found them out, they didn't want to, and the secretary didn't print any advertisements to aid them. And now the purists are resurrecting Lamar, and holding him up as a shining example of statesmanship. It is also worthy of note that no other member of the cabinet has ever found a pretense to do without the vehicles which every man who knows anything about the duties of a Cabinet officer admits are necessities.

Bogus Physicians' Certificates.

Secretary Windom is having trouble with a few of the doctors who practice medicine in Washington. Only a few, however, and they by no means representative men. They have incurred the secretary's displeasure by the manner in which they give certificates of disability to Treasury employes, and the secretary proposes to put an end, if possible, to a profitable traffic which has sprung up in the last few years. A clerk desires to break the monotony of his or her work by taking a couple of days' holiday. He (or she) comes off the the annual thirty days' leave which the law gives, but only in a few cases is the absence arranged for in a regular manner. A visit is paid to one of these plant doctors and in return for a fee of $1 a certificate is secured in which the doctor states (upon his professional honor) that the holder of the certificate is unfit to perform the duties which he or she is paid for. The practice has assumed gigantic dimensions, and it is understood that a couple of secret service officers have been ferreting out a vast amount of information, some of which will be laid before the local medical associations, accompanied by a request from the secretary for immediate action. A few discharges will also come as soon as the testimony is all in.

Naval Improvements.

The secretary of War has approved the recommendation of the board of Ordnance and Fortifications of which General Schofield is president, that a disappearing gun carriage, built under the plans and specifications of the Pneumatic Gun Carriage and Power company, of this city, be purchased from said company for $48,000. The carriage is to be tested as a type for the coast defenses.

Using the Mails.

With the falling off in the number of visitors at the White House, due doubtless to the hot weather, the mail received at the executive mansion is increasing. The letters have increased in number quite perceptibly the past few weeks, and now nearly rival the volume received at the beginning of the administration, when they surpassed all precedent.

Engineer Hunt Dead.

Chief Engineer Wm. H. Hunt, of the navy (retired), died at his residence in Washington, on June 27, aged 57 years.

SHERMAN IN 1892.

He is Believed to be in Line for the Presidency.

There is a rumor floating through the Ohio colony in New York, which may place a different aspect upon Ohio politics if it is true. Several Ohio men say that it is, but it would be as well to wait for the official reports before passing judgment upon the story. If the report is true, Senator Sherman will not only not be a candidate for President before the next Republican convention but he will not again be a candidate for Senator.

That he would not be a candidate for President again was a foregone conclusion when he stirred up the animosities of the Alger crowd in national politics and antagonized some of the shrewdest leaders in state politics, but the rumor that he will give up all claim to the Senatorial honors is interesting when one remembers that there are so many bright, ambitious men in Ohio politics anxious to fill Senator Payne's seat.

And it is barely possible that some of these men are aware of the fact, and that ex-Gov. Foster, Maj. McKinley, and even Gov. Forster know this and that they have their eyes fixed upon this seat, and that they would be willing to succeed Senator Sherman in 1892, when his time expires, if nothing should happen in the meantime.

But the story is that Senator Sherman has come to the conclusion that he will not be a candidate, not because he thinks that he could not be re-elected, for he knows what all interested in Ohio politics know, viz.: that he is one of the few talented men in this country destined to remain Senator for life, if he can be induced to accept. And though he has a life-tenure on the office, Senator Sherman is said to be willing to turn the place over to some of his tried and trusted lieutenants rather than trouble with it any longer.

The fact that Senator Sherman went to Europe just before a red-hot campaign would seem to give some color to the report that he is never to again be a candidate for senatorial honors. The fact also that he has taken little, if any, interest in the Columbus convention, though his gravest interests were concerned, would seem to indicate that there is truth in the story. It is just barely possible that over 30 years of senatorial life, uninterrupted save by a cabinet position under President Hayes, may be all that Senator Sherman cares for in that direction. Those who know him best say that he is willing and even anxious to rest, now that his hopes for the presidential office have been thwarted.

CANADIAN LUMBER.

Congress Will Be Called on to Legislate on the Subject.

A report reaches Washington from Ottawa that Canada is trying to secure through the English foreign agent, a reciprocal trade in lumber with this country. The report further states that the correspondence will be transmitted in due course to Secretary Blaine.

The treasury officials have no knowledge of such a move.

Assistant Secretary Tichenor said when the matter was brought to his attention that there must be some mistake about the report. Canada, he said, had everything to gain by shipping her lumber free into this country, while we had everything to lose by the transaction. Moreover, he continued, neither the treasury nor the state department have any control of the matter. Congress alone has the right to inaugurate such a policy, and nothing could be done without its sanction.

Section 2,505 of the revised statutes provides that the produce of the forests of the state of Maine upon the St. John and St. Croix rivers and their tributaries owned by American citizens can be sawed or hewed in the provinces of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia by citizens of this country and reshipped to American ports free of duty. Under this statute Canadian lumber amounting to millions of feet has been fraudulently shipped to the United States free of duty.

Since the new administration came into power, its attention has been directed to this matter by the Home Market club, a protective organization in the city of Boston. Within the last few weeks the Treasury department has been looking into the charges made by the Home Market club that evasions of the laws are frequent, and is satisfied from the reports made by its special agents that the charges are true.

Unfortunately, however, the opportunities for smuggling are so numerous and so difficult to prove that the department is really powerless to move in the matter. The law is so manifestly a discrimination in favor of the Maine lumbermen as well as the Canadians along the border, that Congress will no doubt be asked next winter to repeal it. Congressman Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, who represents a district which advantages, called last session to secure the passage of a similar law for that portion of his state bordering on Manitoba, and urged Secretary Fairchild to give it the stamp of his approval before introducing the bill, but Mr. Fairchild flatly refused to do so. It is probable that the recent agitation of the subject by the Treasury department is the basis for the various exaggerated reports which reach here from Canada.

WILL RUN NO RISK.

Chinese Not Allowed to Pass Through the United States.

Some time ago the Treasury department was informed that it was desired to take a number of Chinese laborers to the West Indies, and application was made for permission to take them through the United States territory in transit, provided bond was given that none of them would remain in this country.

The matter was referred to the solicitor of the treasury and he gave an opinion that there was nothing in the law to prohibit the transit of Chinese for the mere purpose of passing through the country. Secretary Windom, however, was not prepared to change existing regulations to this extent and directed a rejection of the application until the question could be considered more thoroughly.

No further action on the subject is at all likely, however, as it is understood that arrangements have been since made with Canadian transportation companies by which Chinese will be taken across the continent without the necessity of entering the United States territory.

An Important Step Taken by the Government.

In order to secure a close supervision of the operations of fruit distilleries during the approaching season, collectors of internal revenue have been instructed to give prompt attention to all notices and bonds, that distillers may suffer no delay in beginning work, nor have pretext for commencing work before they are notified of the approval of their papers.

Distillers are to be notified that they will be expected to pay the tax on the product of each month, or to warehouse it, and that all singlings must be doubled and ready for ganging by or before the end of the month; otherwise singlings will be liable to tax as brandy.

The collectors are also instructed that the employment of special officers shall cease at the close of active operations in each district and not later than December 1, unless especially authorized for a further period.

They Protest.

Several ladies representing the Women's Christian Temperance Union called on the President on June 27, and left an address in which they make a vigorous protest against the sale of liquor at the encampment of the National Guard of the District of Columbia at Fort Washington, Md., in July next, and appeal to the President on behalf of "many unhappy mothers" to discountenance the "liquor canteen" at the place selected, which is a government reservation. The President assured the ladies that the subject should have his consideration.

Working Uncle Sam.

The commissioner of internal revenue has called Secretary Windom's attention to a practice said to have grown up among certain United States commissioners in Alabama, of making cases of alleged violations of internal revenue laws on slight pretexes for the purposes of making fees for themselves and such friends as they might select to assist them, or for the purpose of securing transportation to such places as they desired to visit at government expense. The matter has been referred to the attorney general for such action as he may deem advisable.

Sued for $100,000.

Geo. B. Ormsby, who was lately dismissed from the navy, has entered suit in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia against Secretary Tracy for $100,000, damages for trespass incident to his recent imprisonment at Mare Island, Cal., his trial and dismissal. He alleges that there was not sufficient ground for his arrest; no authority for his imprisonment and that the case was not conducted in accordance with the statutes. He also charges a bad condition of affairs on the prison ship Independence.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

Statement of the Public Debt for the Month of June.

The following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement on July 1:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$139,639,000.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	676,095,350.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	119,640.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Principal	$894,477,502.00
Interest	10,574,562.41
Total	$905,052,064.41

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,911,485.26
Interest	153,988.92
Total	$ 2,065,474.18

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,458.50
Certificates of deposit	16,735,000.00
Gold certificates	116,792,759.00
Silver certificates	257,102,445.00
Fractional currency, less $8,370,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,916,690.47
Principal	744,284,352.97

Total Debt.

Principal balance	1,640,673,340.23
Interest	10,728,551.33
Total balance	1,651,401,891.66
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	403,271,227.71
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	$503,271,227.72
Total debt—less available cash items	1,148,130,663.84
Net cash in the treasury	71,484,042.39
Debt less cash in the treasury July 1, 1889	1,076,646,621.45
Debt less cash in the treasury June 1, 1889	1,092,902,551.19
Decrease of debt during the month	16,255,929.74
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1888	88,938,035.19

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	116,792,759.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	257,102,445.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	16,735,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	12,640,036.59
Total available for reduction of the debt	403,271,227.72
Principal currency	987.13

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of June 14, 1870, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 25,129,733.17
Minor coin	225,074.73
Total	$ 25,354,807.90
Certificates held as cash	43,003,094.00
Net cash balance on hand	71,484,042.39
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$613,113,172.01

New Rules in the Navy.

By a sweeping general order issued on June 28, Secretary Tracy directed an entire reorganization of the business methods of the Navy department. Up to this time the new equipments and new duties constantly arising from the conditions of change incident to the replacement of the old wooden vessels with new ships and modern guns, have been assigned here and there to the several bureaus of the department, often with no better reason than the convenience of some incumbent. The result has been confusion and an exaggeration of the defects of the bureau system. The new order is made to systemize the work and will bring forth much better results.

Sydecker Goes West.

Major Lydecker, the engineer under whose mismanagement the United States government and the people of the District of Columbia each lost about one million dollars, has been banished to Vancouver Barracks, Washington territory.

The major's duty at Washington City was the superintendence of an immense aqueduct tunnel, four miles long, and over ten feet in diameter.

The tunnel proved to be worthless because the contractors had taken advantages of the major's carelessness. A court-martial gave the major a ridiculously light punishment, but the secretary of War has added to it by ordering Lydecker as far away from this city as he possibly could, to a place where there was no work of importance to be done.

No National Banks.

Attorney General Miller has given an opinion to the secret ary of the Treasury that a national bank cannot be lawfully established in that part of the Indian territory "lying within the jurisdiction of the union agency which extends over the country occupied by the five civilized tribes, viz: the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws and Semanoles, notwithstanding the bank directors shall be citizens of the United States.

Wants Redress.

J. H. Hollender, who claims that he has been improperly treated by the Guatemala government in being expelled from that country, was at the department of state yesterday presenting his case to the officials. As there is no Guatemalan minister here it is probable that the matter will be held in abeyance until one who is now on his way to this country reaches Washington and can be communicated with upon the subject.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

HONG KONG AFLOAT.

Three Inches of Rain Each Hour for Thirty-three Hours.

The steamer Rio de Janeiro arrived from Hong Kong and Yokahoma at San Francisco, on July 1. One of the most destructive rain storms in the history of Hong Kong, occurred May 29 and 30. The total rainfall for 33 hours was 29¾ inches. Hong Kong papers do not venture to estimate the loss to private property such as residences, stores, etc., but place an estimate of loss to the public property at about $200,000.

Scarcely a house within an area of 32 square miles but what suffered. All the roads and streets in the colony were turned into mud heaps, and innumerable dwellings were flooded. Almost every minute during the storm the vivid flashes of lightning kept the streets ablaze, which resembled the bed of a river more than the roads in the center of the town.

The water pipes burst at every corner; the roads were cut up almost beyond recognition, and the level roads were piled with dirt, loosened stones and debris of upper streets so as to be almost impassable.

Eight men were killed in a mat shed. One Chinaman was killed by the falling in of a mat shed. A man and boy were drowned in the street. One house collapsed, burying several people, four of whom were seriously or fatally injured. One man was drowned in the street and another drowned in a house while it was being borne by the current through the street. Fifteen lives in all are known to have been lost when the steamer sailed for America.

The storm temporarily shut off the large Tytam water supply, and the lower portion of the town is still suffering for drinking water. The week after the storm the city presented an appearance of having suffered a subterranean upheaval. During the first part of the week little progress was made with the work of removing the debris. Loud complaints therefore arose about the serious danger to which citizens were exposed by the choking of the drains, and the government was forced to call in the aid of the militia.

News from Hayti.

The legation from Hayti to the United States are in receipt of a dispatch dated Port Au Prince, June 30, to the effect that the government lines remain unchanged, no advance whatever having been made by the insurgent forces, and that Hyppolite was still at Cape Haytien. The capital and departments of the south, southwest and west were in a state of perfect tranquility.

London Wool.

At the wool sales in London, on June 28 there was a good attendance and active competition. A good selection was offered, especially of New Zealand cross breeds. Prices are hardening. Faulty wools were a halfpenny lower. There were offered 11,737 bales; 125,500 bales remain; 5,000 have been withdrawn.

New Russian Rifles.

The Russian army will be equipped with new rifles of small calibre. The weapons will be manufactured in France.

GENERAL NEWS.

GEN. CAMERON DEAD.

His Strong Constitution Gave Way to Disease.

Gen. Simon Cameron died at 8 o'clock, p. m., on June 27.

The general's condition during the day was rather encouraging, and death came suddenly, during a weak spell. Up to the last attack he was conscious, and had no trouble to swallow the food given him. Around the death bed were ex-Attorney General MacVeagh and wife, Mrs. Haldeman, James Cameron, Simon B. Cameron and wife, and Mrs. David Watts, a granddaughter. [A sketch of Gen. Cameron's life was given in last week's BLADE.]

PRESIDENT WOOLSEY.

Of Yale College, Joins the Silent Majority.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey, ex-president of Yale University, died at New Haven on July 1, aged 88 years.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey was born in NewYork, Oct. 31, 1810. Rev. Mr. Benjamin Woolsey of Southold, L. I., son of the original immigrant, graduated at Yale in 1709. His grandson, Wm. Walter Woolsey, married a sister of the first president, Dwight, of Yale. His sixth son was Theodore Dwight Woolsey, who graduated from Yale in 1820. Theodore read law in Philadelphia, then spent two years studying theology at Princeton, was a tutor at Yale from 1825 to 1835, and was licensed to preach in 1825. He studied for two years in France and Germany and spent a year in England and Italy. From 1831 to 1846, he was professor of Greek at Yale. On October 21, 1846, he succeeded President Day, of Yale. He was given the degree of LL.D. by Wesleyan in 1847. In 1850 he delivered an historical address on the 150th anniversary of the founding of Yale. As president he taught history, political economy and international law. In 1860 he published a text book on the latter subject, of which six editions were printed and used all over the United States and in the English universities. Two English editions have been issued. In 1871, when 70 years old, he resigned the presidency of Yale. He was one of the revisers of the New Testament. He was for many years a regent of the Smithsonian Institute. He was twice married, first in 1833 and second in 1852.

Other Deaths.

On June 26, in Malden, Mass., George L. Brown, one of the most famous of landscape painters, aged 75; in Rose Bay, Fla., James H. Fowler, who raised the first regiment of colored troops from the South, aged 45; in Washington, June 27, Chief Engineer William N. Hunt, U. S. N., retired, aged 57; in Lynn, Mass., June 28, Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, aged 71; in Paris, Carlotta Patti, aged 49; in New York city, DeWitt C. Coney, the business partner of Senator McPherson of New Jersey, aged 72; in Burlington, Vt., Dr. Eugene Thayer, a well-known organist.

MONUMENT UNVEILED.

John Mason, the Defender of New England in 1637.

The monument to Capt. John Mason, called the "Defender of New England in 1637," was unveiled on June 27 on Pequot hill, Mystic Conn., the site of the old Pequot fort. The pedestal is eight feet high, and the statue represents a fighting puritan of heroic size. It is very imposing, and from it can be seen three states and four counties, twenty islands and seventy lakes and ponds.

Capt. Mason's claim to this honor is due to the fact that when the population of the Connecticut colony was only 250, and the hostile Pequot Indians, after reducing the number, were resolved upon murdering them all, Mason and his 70 men, aided by the Uncas and a small band of Mohicans, marched on the Pequot fort containing over 700 Indians, nearly a whole tribe, burned and slaughtered all but seven, and virtually put an end to Indian barbarity and opened the way to 40 years of peace in New England.

INTO A COMBINE.

Knit Goods Manufacturers Don't Want to Get Lost in the General Trust Shuffle.

A combination of the knit-goods men in the territory west of the Alleghenies and north of Memphis was practically effected at Chicago, on June 28, at a third meeting of a number of manufacturers. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, the latter only after considerable alteration from those reported by a committee which met in this city about a month ago. Twenty representatives were present and signed the report as adopted. As a majority of the manufacturers have not signified their intention to act with the new association, which will be known as the Western Knit Goods Manufacturers' association, the active life of the organization will not begin until after the first annual meeting, which will be held on the first Thursday in next December. John Hart, of Rockford, is president of the association and C. E. Orenshire, of St. Paul, secretary.

Earthquake in California.

News from Susanville, California, in the Sierra Nevadas, says that slight earthquake shocks continue, and that the people have become so accustomed to the constant trembling of the earth that they pay no attention to it. These shocks, however, have revived recollections of old settlers, who predict volcanic disturbances in the extinct craters such as took place in 1850.

Susanville lies in a high, mountain-walled valley, directly east of Lassen Butte, an extinct volcano 10,500 feet high.

From its summit no less than 40 extinct craters can be seen.

Cinder Cone, which rises 600 feet above the level of the plateau, was in eruption in 1850.

Two prospectors visited it and they found Lake Saltafara, eight miles south of Cinder Cone, a center of volcanic forces.

The lake was a mass of boiling water and mud, and from it vast columns of flames shot up at intervals. Timber in the vicinity was on fire. Within two years there has seemed renewed activity in the internal fires, and the present shocks point to the possibility of another great volcanic outburst, which will find vent through some of the old craters.

A Full Cousin of Abraham Lincoln Dies at the Age of 88.

Uncle Johnny Hanks died at the Medin farm, near Decatur, Illinois, on July 1, aged 88. He was born in Kentucky, and was a full cousin of Abraham Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln. From 1822 until 1860 Mr. Hanks was closely associated with Abraham Lincoln in farming, trading and other pursuits. He and Mr. Lincoln split rails together eight miles west of Decatur in 1830, and in 1831 both men built, near Springfield, the first flat boat that ever floated down the Sangamon, Illinois and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. The rails which Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Hanks split in Mason county were first shown in the Chicago convention in 1860.

Over One Hundred Square Miles of Conflagration in Montana.

All efforts to check the forest fire which started in Cascade county, Montana, on June 26, have proved unavailing. Advices up to the 28th show that it has covered an area of over 100 square miles, and has destroyed the best hay ground in the vicinity. The loss will be very heavy, owing to the fact that the dry season had already greatly reduced the hay crop. No such prairie fire has been known in Montana in recent years. So far no lives have been reported lost, though several ranchmen have been burned out.

The Strike On.

The strike at the great steel plant of Carnegie & Co., against the scale proposed by the firm, was declared on at a meeting of amalgamated workmen Sunday. On July 1 the works were idle in all departments. It is the intention of the company to devote the next two weeks to necessary repairs about the mill and after they are completed, if the men still persist in refusing to sign the scale an attempt will be made to operate the plant with new workmen.

Annie Weiss Murdered.

Annie Weis was employed until June 22 at the Madison house in Jefferson City, Mo. On that day she was paid off and on Saturday night left for St. Louis to visit a sister. She was accompanied to the train by Wm. McClair, who stated to a newspaper man that at that time she had $80 in money.

She is spoken of as a quiet and respectable girl, who went out but little and was attentive to her duties. She was found murdered in St. Louis with no clue to the perpetrators.

MORMON MISSIONARIES.

They Are Not Only Preaching But Practicing Polygamy in West Virginia.

The persistency with which Mormon missionaries are carrying on their work in some parts of West Virginia is beginning to excite a great deal of indignation. There is likely to be trouble very soon. Richie county is at present the scene of most active operations. Two elders have taken up permanent quarters there.

On Indian creek there is quite a large congregation and meetings are held weekly at which polygamy is not only preached but attempts are being made to carry the theory into practice, at least one convert having taken unto himself a second wife.

In other parts of the same county like success has attended the efforts of the missionaries, and in all there are 50 full-fledged Mormons in the county. No efforts, it seems, are being made to transplant the converts.

MORE LIQUOR LAWS.

Joliet Comes to the Front with a Thousand Dollar License.

At a recent meeting of the city council of Joliet, Ill., the saloon license question again came up and an ordinance was passed fixing the license fee at $1,000, the rate which has been in force here for some time past. The vote for $1,000 stood 11 yeas to 3 nays. Billiard rooms were abolished in this city three years ago.

An attempt was made to pass an ordinance allowing billiard and pool tables in saloons, the license to be fixed at $25 per table. The ordinance passed the council all right, but the license fee was raised from $25 per table to $5,000 per table, much to the disgust of lovers of billiards.

CLOSE ELECTIONS.

El Paso, Tex., Capable of Getting Up a Good Political Contest.

The contest for the mayoralty of El Paso, Texas, which has been raging for over two months, was settled at the polls on June 29, by the election of Richard Caples, a Democrat. At the April election Kraukauer (Republican) received a majority of 37.

The election was charged to be fraudulent and investigated by the city council. The record gave a majority of 42. It was discovered in the meantime that he was an alien, a subject of Bavaria. He was declared ineligible by the council and a new election was ordered in which Caples (Democrat) was elected by 15 majority.

Michigan's New Election Law.

The final act of the Michigan legislature on June 28 was to pass a new general election law. It is a modification of the Australian system. The parties are required to send to the secretary of state a party heading for their tickets, and he prints their tickets—all to be of uniform size, texture and color.

In front of the polling place a railing is to be placed with an entrance and exit gate. Only one voter is to be allowed within the railing at a time. One or more booths are to be provided at each precinct for the voter to prepare his ballot in secrecy.

Tobacco Sales.

Sales of leaf tobacco at Danville, Virginia, for the month of June amounted to 4,195,175 pounds, 1,500,000 pounds more than for last June. The sales for the first nine months of the tobacco year were 21,301,153 pounds, 4,000,000 pounds less than for the same period of last year. Manufactured tobacco was sold in this market, January to July, to the amount of 3,352,568 pounds, an increase over the manufactured products sold for the same period of last year of 1,039,835 pounds.

Lake Shore Dividends.

The regular semiannual meetings of the Vanderbilt roads were held at New York on June 29. The Lake Shore directors declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent. The statement for the six months shows a surplus of $173,800 after paying the dividend. The Michigan Central directors declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent. The statement for six months shows a surplus of $18,000 after paying the dividend.

Lined With Pure Silver.

A large cave near the Hermosa mining camp, 60 miles from Las Cruces, N. M., has been opened up, and its interior is lined with veins of almost pure silver. It had for years escaped the eyes of old prospectors, because there was nothing about the cave to indicate mineral. It is now thought the cave will exceed in richness the famous Bridal Chamber cave at Snake Valley, N. M., from which $500,000 in silver was taken.

Result of Mormon Teachings.

A few nights since an attempt was made to burn Odd Fellows' hall, in Hindsboro, Illinois, because a number of preachers, said to be Mormon elders, were holding meetings therein. On the 27th three men of that place were arrested, charged with the offense, and placed under bond. The missionaries have stirred the people up to such an extent that the Mormons have been attacked several times lately.

Monument to Stephenson.

The Illinois division of the Sons of Veterans, in their annual commencement, appointed a committee with Gen. A. Gurney, of Springfield, as chairman, for the purpose of raising money to erect a monument over the grave of B. F. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic in the United States. The monument will be erected at Petersburg, Ill., where he is buried.

Prison Made Machines.

G. Pimple, of Gretna, Manitoba, a short time ago bought two threshing machines of the Minnesota Machine Company of Stillwater, Minn. The Canadian government seized the machines because they were prison made. Pimple now sues the Canadian government for $1,000 damages. The authorities are now in doubt whether to destroy the machines or send them back to the United States.

Indian Doings.

Governor Foster, chairman of the Sioux commission, and part of the clerical force, reached Santee agency, Neb., on June 25. There are only about 250 voters at this agency, all of them fast becoming civilized, holding the land in severalty and entirely self-supporting. A council was held with the Indians in the afternoon, about 150 of them being present. There is no apparent opposition to the bill.

Women Voted.

Eau Claire, Wisconsin, held its first election for a board of education on July 1. It brought out a heavy woman's vote, prominent society ladies spending the whole day with their carriages taking women to the polls. The anti-Catholic question was made very prominent in several wards, but the candidates alleged to represent the Catholic side were elected.

Pennsylvania. Official.

The official vote of the recent election in Pennsylvania, as received and computed at the state department this afternoon, is as follows: For the Prohibition amendment, 296,617; against, 484,644; majority against 188,027. For the suffrage amendment abolishing the poll tax qualification, 182,371; against, 420,323; majority against, 236,952.

Half Year's Failures.

The total number of mercantile failures throughout the United States reported to Bradstreets during the past six months show a gain of 664 over the first half of 1888. The figures follow: Number of failures, 5,918; estimated assets, $52,803,940; total liabilities, $67,411,711; per cent of assets to liabilities, 51.0.

Recent Fires.

In Newton, Mass., June 23, the St. Bernard Catholic church, $40,000; in Vancouver, W. T., four blocks in the business portion of the town, $7,000; in Youngstown, O., June 25, brewery of George Renner, Jr., $75,000; in Benicia, Cal., the Pioneer tannery, owned by McKay & Chisholm, $200,000.

In Form Once More.

Congressman James Laird, of the Second Nebraska district, arrived at Hastings July 1, from Atlantic City after a two months' stay, much improved in flesh, but appears more cheerful, and is evidently on the road to recovery.

COMING CROPS.

What the Wet and Dry Weather Has Done for the Grain.

The Chicago *Farmers' Review* publishes in its issue this week careful estimates based on reports from its correspondents relative to the probable yield of wheat in the winter wheat states. With the exception of Kentucky and Indiana, where drouth was experienced in April and May, winter wheat arrived at the harvesting stage in good condition and with good prospects of a large per cent of "No. 1 hard." There is little change in the acreage except in Kansas, where there is an increase of about 25 per cent, and in Missouri and Illinois, where there has been a considerable falling off in the area devoted to winter wheat.

The condition of crop at the time of harvest, as compared with last year, is as follows: Illinois, 115 per cent, Michigan 120, Kentucky 105, Kansas 110, Indiana 125, Ohio 125, Missouri 130.

Average yield per acre: Illinois, 15 bu., Michigan 16, Kentucky 10.8, Kansas 20, Indiana 13, Ohio 14, Missouri 18.

Acreage: Illinois 2,259,640, Indiana 2,777,402, Ohio 2,253,027, Kentucky 1,013,228, Missouri 1,402,626, Kansas 1,312,500, Michigan 1,612,847. Total yield for seven states, 195,373,000 bu.

Assuming that the crop in the other states in the union will yield the same return as last year, viz., 117,860,000 bushels. The total winter wheat crop in 1889 will be about 313,233,000 bushels.

The prospects are also very favorable for a good yield of rye, although the area is indicated to be about 10 per cent less than last year. The average yield per acre, however, will be heavy enough to make up any deficiency in acreage. The present indications point to a yield of 28,951,000 bushels, the largest crop since 1884.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

A Trip for Specimens—The Le Conte Pear Blight—Grass Stations to be Established.

On July 1, G. L. Hopkins, of the Agricultural department, left Washington for Denison Texas. There he will join Mr. Munson, and in company with him will make a trip overland through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California, as far as San Francisco, securing specimens of the wild fruits, grasses and wheats of that region.

About the middle of July Dr. George Vasey, the newly appointed botanist, in charge of grass stations and grasses, will start from New Mexico, where he will study climatic conditions in the Pecos valley, with a view to determining the best method by which the department of Agriculture may co-operate with the territory in the management of the grass stations to be established by the territory at Las Cruces and Mesilla.

M. B. Waite has just returned from Georgia and Florida, where he has been examining the Le Conte pear orchards afflicted with blight. This pear was supposed to be blight proof, but within the past few years has been suffering severely from that scourge.

Mr. Waite will experiment in the laboratory this fall and winter with fungicides to discover, if possible, one that will kill the blight.

The department specialists are satisfied that this is the true method of dealing with the disease, rather than to attempt cutting it out and prevent its spread by that means.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Report of the Trustees of the Wabash Institute.

The trustees of White's Indian manual labor institute held their annual meeting at the institute, near Wabash, Ind., on July 2. Superintendent Coppock's report showed a total enrollment of 82 pupils for the year, of whom 32 are Indian boys, 32 Indian girls, and the rest whites and colored. During the ten months of the school year each pupil has passed half of each day in the school room and devoted the other half to industry.

The total amount received during the year was $12,238 65, as follows: Government appropriation, $10,000.20; Philadelphia Indian aid appropriation for support of ten pupils, $1,075; government appropriation for same, $253.02; James Whitlock, Philadelphia, $30; from various persons, $10.60.

The Indian children pupils are making excellent progress in school and in manual training, and they evince a great reluctance to leave the school for their western homes, prefering to remain in civilization.

BETTER MAIL SERVICE.

Chicago Inaugurates a Move That Will Prove Beneficial.

The first delivery of mail that was made up by clerks sent out from Chicago to meet the Illinois Central trains was made on June 26, the scheme proving entirely successful and satisfactory. Merchants were in the habit of sending to their letters from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans and other southern points, on their desks at 8 o'clock, when they never before got them until 12 o'clock or later. They were not chary of their compliments to Col. Sexton for the quick service, and the postmaster was busy at the telephone all morning, receiving the flattering messages from all parts of Chicago. This service will be extended to all other railways as quickly as possible.

ON PRISON BREAD.

**A Case Where